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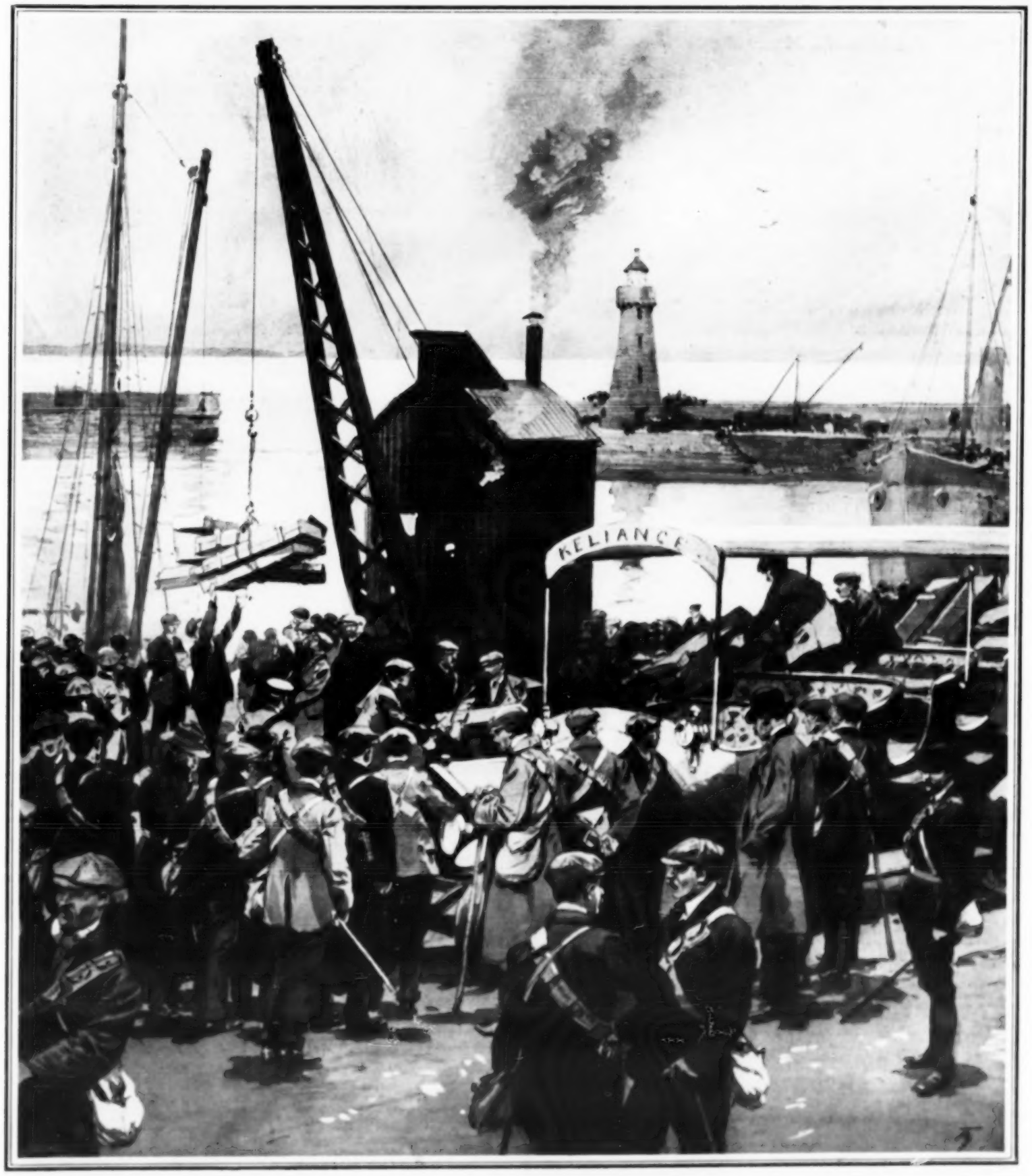

THE GUN-RUNNING BY THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCE: LOADING ARMS INTO A MOTOR TOURIST-CAR AT DONAGHADEE.

During the night of Friday, April 24, and the early hours of the Saturday morning, the Ulster Volunteer Force landed some 35,000 rifles and 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition from a steamer disguised as the "Mountjoy," said to have been the "Fanny." The weapons were taken ashore at Larne, Bangor, and Donaghadee, and from thence distributed in various parts of Ulster. Referring to the matter in the House, Mr. Asquith said: "In view of this grave and unprecedented outrage, the House may be assured that his Majesty's Government will take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law and to protect officers and servants of the King and his Majesty's subjects in the exercise of their duties and in the enjoyment of their legal rights." It may be noted that the motor-car used at the moment illustrated is run between Donaghadee and Bangor in the summer time for the benefit of tourists. Donaghadee is five miles east-south-east of Bangor, and is the terminus of a branch from the Belfast and County Down Railway. Bangor is on the south shore of Belfast Lough. Larne is on Lough Larne, a few miles north of Belfast Lough.

DRAWN BY FATOREN, OR HAYES FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY COURTESY OF THE "BELFAST NEWS-LETTER."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CLEVER ONES." AT WYNDHAM'S.

IF only the rest of Mr. Sutro's new play at Wyndham's were as happy as its first act, what praise would be its desert, even though it is obviously artificial comedy, and its hero and heroine are unreal people. But just because its opening is so ingenious and promising, we are ungrateful enough to be rather disappointed that the later scenes are not up to the level of the start. The playwright's story is brisk and amusing in its fantastic way; its skits on the would-be intellectuals of our suburbs provide first-rate comedy and introduce us to some plausible minor types; but the scheme of the piece never permits its leading characters to behave in a manner we can recognise as spontaneous; and towards the end the action tails off into mere farce. Excellent is the picture Mr. Sutro offers us first of all of the Hampstead home of a hop-merchant who has married culture, only to feel "a bit lonely" sometimes, and is outraged when his daughter informs him of her engagement to an anarchist working man. Capital fun comes when this suitor reveals himself as an impostor only keeping up the game of anarchy and industrialism to recommend himself to the little précieuse. It is in the working-out of the plot father and suitor concoct to disgust the girl with what she supposes she likes, that the author plunges us into extravagances. We are taken to the home of a real anarchist down Bethnal Green way—an anarchist who is refined and possesses a daughter of whom the hero is really fond; and here revolutionaries, pretended or genuine, indulge in shocking sentiments over tea in thick cups, and bread and butter in slabs. How the plot is given away; how the hero is denounced by his hired supporter; how the little "intellectual" of the suburbs is passed on to another admirer, while the Bethnal Green girl captures her suitor, need not be told: it is sufficient to say that at this point the fun has become laboured as well as wild. But, on the whole, "The Clever Ones" furnishes pleasant enough fooling. It also gives opportunities for some good acting. Miss Marie Lohr, as the managing little daughter of the anarchist, has quite a new style of rôle, and if she cannot invest it with sincerity, at any rate lends it plenty of humour; Mr. Gerald du Maurier quite takes us in by his anarchist tirades; Mr. Gwenn is delightfully droll as the City man bored with suburban culture; Miss Nina Sevening gets the right pose for the précieuse; and to say that Mr. Holman Clark and Miss Florence Haydon are also in the cast, is to say that they are entertaining.

"DUSK" AND "ACCOUNT RENDERED," AT THE LITTLE.

The little Oriental fantasy for which Mr. Vansittart is responsible alone merits commendation in Mr. Kenelm Foss's new programme. "Dusk," with its dream-fancy of an Englishman who imagines himself to make love and so bring death to a young Persian bride, has about it charm and poetry. But the full-sized play for which this serves as curtain-raiser, "Account Rendered," described as "a sort of comedy," and written by a novice, Mr. Robert Elson, is purely amateurish work. It is a melodrama of politics, in which a clever M.P., who has helped to make a dull Cabinet Minister's reputation, demands his price from the latter's wife, and when she repels him, loads her with ugly terms of abuse. Mr. James Carew and Miss Ruth Mackay figure in the two chief parts.

PERSONAGES OF THE ITALIAN REFORMATION.

IN "Men and Women of the Italian Reformation" (Stanley Paul), Mr. Christopher Hare has a theme which must be treated by a partisan to be treated interestingly, or, indeed, to be treated at all. Minor poets of the eighteenth century used to read Milton before composing, to elevate their style. But if, on a like adventure, to be at home in his theme Mr. Hare had read Mr. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," his manuscript might have crumbled to pieces in his hands. To write such a book as Mr. Hare's successfully you must assume that the beaten track is something to abandon; that the millions of faithful and endeavouring feet have not endeared but dulled it in the daily treading. You must have an instinctive belief in the perfections of the new path-finders, together with an instinctive suspicion of the good faith and good feeling of those who, believing in an authentic teaching Church, humbly and yet proudly abide by its decisions. The picture of Cardinal Pole on page 53 will commend itself to those thus minded. To others it will appear a travesty. Mr. Hare hints at St. Augustine and St. Francis of Assisi and Dante and St. Catherine of Siena as precursors of the Reformation; and, in so far as they attacked abuses or restored discipline, Reformers they were, such Reformers as the Roman Church itself canonises. Mr. Hare's pages bristle, therefore, with the names of Cardinals and other Churchmen who made war upon abuses, as well they might; and perhaps his most interesting pages are those about Vittoria Colonna, the great friend of Cardinal Pole, and a lady of whom Monsignor Benson might make the famous heroine of a historical novel. She united in herself, as conspicuous Englishwomen have done in our own day, fervour of piety with genius as a poet. Mr. Hare's translation of her Good Friday sonnet is admirable; so is his prose in the rendering of the prayer that follows it. Peter Martyr, to whom a chapter is devoted, supplies one of the links in literature and in learning that bound together the Italy and the England of the sixteenth century. He became, at the instance of Edward VI., Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, armed for his journey by a dagger and belt, and for his Professorship by Bâle editions of Augustine, Cyprian, and Epiphanius.

PARLIAMENT.

ULSTER has continued to dominate the House of Commons and to place every other question in the background. Just as the Welsh Disestablishment Bill at its second reading in the third successive Session received insufficient attention last week, so the Plural Voting Bill at the same stage in its second Session was discussed on Monday in a listless, academic manner by a small House which seemed to regard it as something apart from the realities of life; and the division, with a Coalition majority of 77, although bringing nearly 600 Members to Westminster, produced scarcely a ripple of excitement. Interest has been monopolised by the gradually disclosed details of the action of the Government with reference to Ulster in March, and by the dramatic stroke of the Covenanters in landing large quantities of rifles and ammunition. On the former subject an enormous number of inquiries were addressed to the Prime Minister, who by assuming the office of Secretary of State for War has added greatly to his already heavy Parliamentary duties. About one hundred questions confronted him on a single day, and in little over half-an-hour, the time allotted to him, he answered eighty. His answers were very concise, extending in many cases to only one short sentence, and, although courteous in form, they withheld much of the information which Unionists tried to obtain. Mr. Bonar Law, in response to the challenge of the Prime Minister, whom he had accused of making false statements, tabled a motion complaining of "the incompleteness and inaccuracy" of the Government revelations as to the recently contemplated naval and military movements, and demanding a full and impartial inquiry. With this motion in prospect, the House was further excited by the landing of arms in Ulster, and amid vehement Liberal cheering Mr. Asquith, on Monday, announced that the Government would take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law and to protect officers and servants of the King and his Majesty's subjects in the exercise of their duties, and in the enjoyment of their legal rights. When this announcement was made, the Marquess of Londonderry sat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery and Sir Edward Carson was watching events on the Front Opposition Bench. An hour later, the Marquess declared from his own place in the House of Lords that the responsibility for any bloodshed in Ulster would lie with the Government alone. The case for the Opposition demand for an inquiry into the "plot" was minutely presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Austen Chamberlain in submitting the motion on April 28. He contended that the story of the events of March as told by Ministers was untrue in detail, and incredible when taken as a whole. The demand was met by Mr. Churchill with a violent attack on the Conservatives, who, he declared, were committed to revolution, armed violence, and defiance of lawfully constituted authorities. At the same time, on his own responsibility, he made to Sir Edward Carson a pacific suggestion which perplexed the Radicals.

THE DATE OF THE BUDGET.

UNDER our full-page portrait of Mr. Lloyd George in this issue, we state that the Chancellor was to introduce the Budget on Thursday, April 30. Since we went to press with that section of the paper, Mr. Asquith has announced that the date has been changed, and that the Budget will be introduced on Monday, May 4.

OUR LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

WITH this Number we present our Literary Supplement for May, the second of the new series of monthly illustrated supplements inaugurated with our issue for April 4. The full-page portrait in the Gallery of Great Writers is that of Mr. Arnold Bennett, one of the most successful and popular of living novelists and dramatists. Portraits of other well-known writers of the day are also given, on the same page as reviews of their new books. They are Mrs. C. W. Earle, the writer of our gardening articles; Miss May Sinclair, Mr. Caton Woodville, the famous artist, who recently published his reminiscences; Mr. G. S. Street, and Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. Under the heading "Books of Travel," we review works on Tripoli, South America, Piedmont, and other happy hunting-grounds of the traveller. Several books on art are noticed, including Mr. Marcus Huish's "Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries," and "A Little Journey in Spain: Notes of a Goya Pilgrimage," by Mr. Crawford Flitch; and among works of a biographical character, the story of "Richard Corfield of Somaliland." We also review several novels of the month, and give shorter notices of a large number of other new books.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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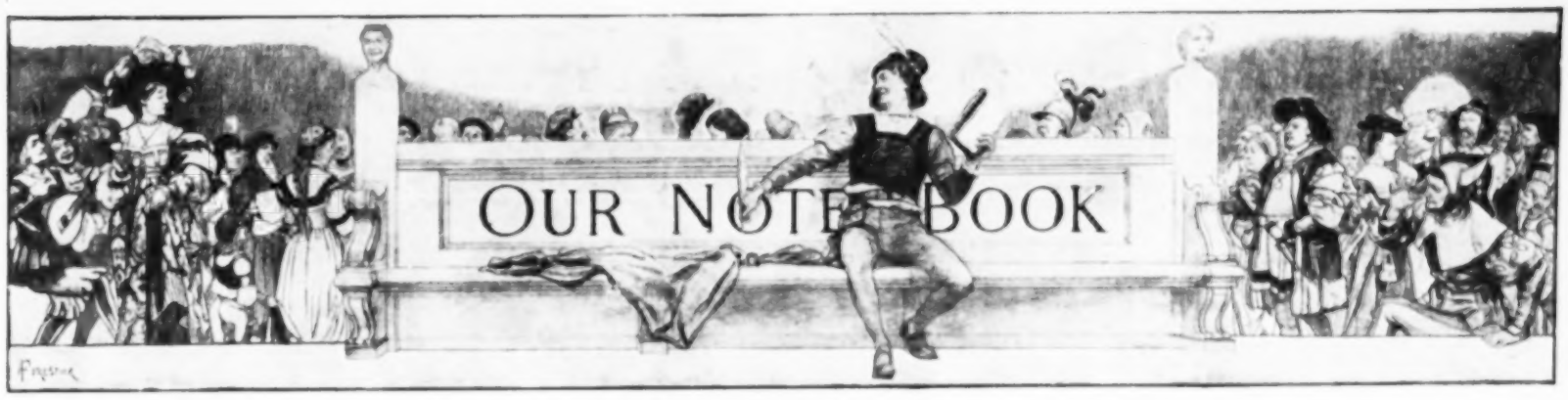

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is a peculiar class of public men who are perpetually writing in symposiums (I decline to say symposia) in the magazines. With some honourable exceptions, their chief peculiarity seems to be not knowing anything about anything. They know nothing about loving or marrying or minding children, or fighting, or praying, or drinking, and to hear them talk one would think these customs had never prevailed among men. But the strangest thing of all is that they know nothing about quarrelling. They do not seem to remember how a quarrel generally comes about, how it takes two to make a quarrel, and why they both join in making it; why they cannot agree to differ and why they unite to disagree. I will take two instances from two different departments of modern life which exactly illustrate their strange error.

One symposium was about the chances of happiness in marriage, and several distinguished people defended the *mariage de convenance* on the ground that the two people would be of the same social world and would probably have the same tastes. They deduced from this that they would not be likely to quarrel. Now where do these people keep their eyes? Have they ever played golf? And do they think it impossible that golfers could ever quarrel over golf? Have they ever played whist? And is it their impression that all old ladies who love whist also love one another? Have they ever seen a horse—or a horsey man? Do they imagine that all horsey men have, as an American poet says, their arms about each other's necks with the love of comrades, with the lifelong love of comrades? Do they think that dog-fanciers kiss each other when they meet, with tears of recognition never dry? If they did not habitually leave their eyes with the editor as they leave their jewels with the banker they would rapidly discover that being of exactly the same world and having exactly the same tastes is much more likely to lead to a quarrel than to avert one. But cynics are always soft in the head.

But, indeed, these people could use their eyes on the facts of this particular question if they liked. Surely nothing is plainer from the newspaper accounts of divorces and domestic quarrels than the fact that the antagonists, whether injuring or injured, generally *are* of the same social set, and generally *do* have the same tastes. The person who thinks vaguely that a Duke and a Duchess will not quarrel because they both have strawberry-leaves might just as well say two costermongers cannot quarrel because they both sell strawberries. In the overwhelming number of divorce cases the injured husband and the co-respondent are as alike as two peas—and generally about as intelligent as two peas. The Honourable Gwendoline Goodwood becomes Mrs. Harry Hedger because he rides well; and then goes off with Captain Welsh because he rides rather better. Nothing is more notable (for anyone who uses his eyes) than the monotony of that immoral world. It is a monotony that has almost something of the frozen splendour of consistency. The Honourable Gwendoline has not been faithful to her love; but she has been faithful to her taste. It is really remarkable how rarely in actual life a man's home is broken up by an entirely different kind of man—by a poet, or a fiddler, or a field preacher; but the similarity that creates the new connection has not in the least prevented the quarrels in the old one. If similarity of tastes could make the new connection happy, it ought to have made the old connection happy; but, as they say in Latin, one does not dispute about tastes. One can only dispute about conduct; and a man's conduct, good or bad, is peculiar to himself. People love or quarrel as individuals, not as types. The Honourable Gwendoline does not marry the abstract sportsman, and then feel a fiery craving to run away with a Mormon or a Margate nigger. She marries a sportsman whom she comes to think a bore or blackguard—and she runs away with a sportsman whom she thinks a sportsman. Generally she is wrong both times. She would have had fewer quarrels and more happiness if she had married somebody entirely different, like the Margate nigger.

And now let *me* take a case from a completely different department, but which peculiarly illustrates precisely the same error. The admirable people who are always talking about Peace (I am by no means sure that talking about it is the best way to get it) are always organising visits between one nation and another, sending English Labour Members to Germany, or German Socialists to England, and then boasting of how greatly they were impressed or how hospitably they were received. Of course, any intelligent man is impressed by a great civilised nation. Of course, any endurable man is hospitably received by a great civilised nation. But if they imagine English and Germans—if they ever did quarrel, which God avert—would quarrel because they were quite unlike each other, or thought they were quite unlike each other, then it is again my duty to tell them the simple truth. The simple truth is (I say it with stern sorrow and shame) that they have forgotten—nay, neglected—the ancient art and science of quarrelling. People do not quarrel because they don't know each other. They quarrel because they *do* know each other. In other words, they quarrel because they have something to quarrel about. You do not fight because you despise your enemy. You fight because you don't.

There are numberless other examples of the same blunder, but these two will suffice for illustration. The champions of the prudent marriage, or (in other words) the champions of marrying for money, have the idea that people are less likely to squabble if they both set their hearts on the same things of this world; on money, or what money can buy. But obviously there is nothing so likely to bring about a quarrel about money as a strong agreement in liking it. In the same way, those who fear an interruption of the rather undignified sort of peace which at present prevails in the world seem to suppose that people will be less likely to collide in a military or naval sense if they understand that each other's ambitions or aspirations are very much the same. But it is precisely because they are very much the same that they may collide. Husbands and wives are rather more likely to quarrel if they have the same tastes; just as nations are rather more likely to quarrel because they have the same ambitions. The real Holy Alliance is that made on the model of the Garden of Eden, where one party is pleased at the difference and contrast of the other. I have never been upon any deputations to foreign lands, thank heaven; I always feel a suspicion that one would only see the sort of thing one sees at home—offices and officials and guides and grand dinners and—places of interest—which interest me less, I think, than anything on this earth. They are, in fact, almost the only things on this earth that do not interest me. But when I go to Germany or France I like to be a foreigner in Germany or France. That is the real way to avoid quarrels—to be an alien. I like to thank the French for things I cannot get at home, such as equality, and eggs with a white sauce, and able and abusive leading articles, and cheap good wine, and poor people going in and out of a church as if it belonged to them, and a certain kind of moon the name of which I forget. I like to thank the Germans for things I cannot get at home, such as warm courtesy among males, beaming faces, triumphal arches over private houses for private birthdays, real dark lager beer in pots which they fill up again and again unless you positively and pessimistically slam down the lid, and the easy singing of sad and solid noble songs. But if you tell me to have Solidarity with them—well, I shall do my best to burst up the whole show, though all three countries perish.

THE GUN-RUNNING IN ULSTER: THE QUAY AT LARNE WHERE 216 TONS OF RIFLES AND AMMUNITION WERE LANDED.

On the night of Friday, April 24, a steamer bearing the temporary name of the "Mountjoy," but believed by some to be the mysterious "Fanny," entered the harbour of Larne on the Ulster coast, with a cargo of some 35,000 rifles and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition. Larne, which is about twenty-five miles from Belfast, was in the hands of a strong force of Ulster Volunteers, who had cut off all means of communication with it from outside, by road, railway, or telegraph. A cordon of 1,500 Volunteers surrounded the town. All through the night the work of unloading the cargo went on, and a fleet of six hundred motor-cars distributed consignments to various places in Ulster. Over one ton of rifles and ammunition were thus sent out from Larne, and the remainder were conveyed by small steamers to Donaghadee and Bangor, to be thence distributed in a similar way. The whole scheme was very carefully organised and carried out.

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THE REMARKABLE GUN-RUNNING BY THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER

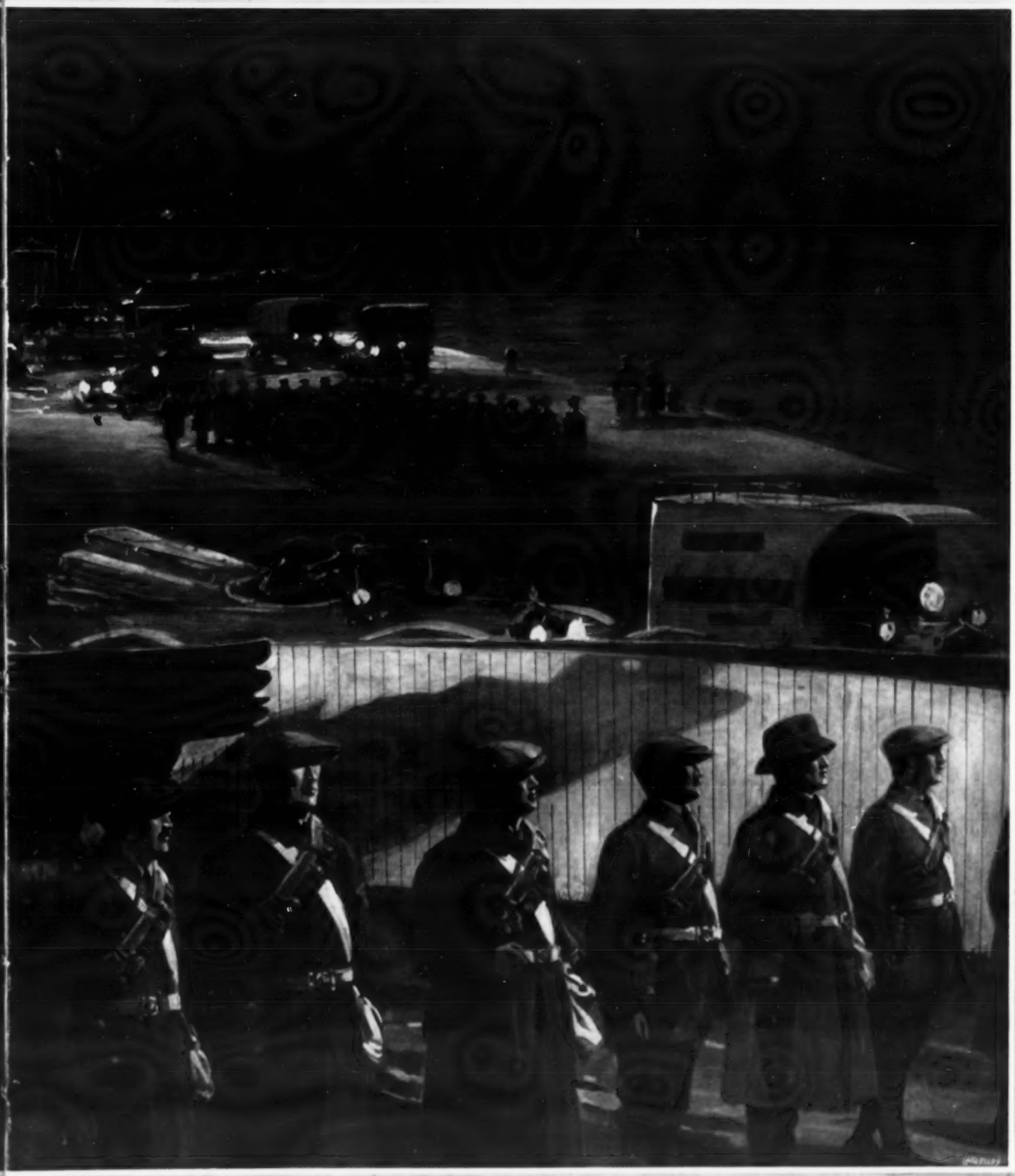
DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH SU

ULSTER ARMING ITSELF DESPITE THE GOVERNMENT: THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCE IN BAYONETS, AND CARTRIDGES, AND DISPATCHING THE WEAPONS BY

Larne, some twenty miles from Belfast, on the Irish Sea, and north of Belfast Lough, provided the chief scene for the remarkable gun-running of the Ulster Volunteer Force who, under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson, are vigorously opposing Home Rule as far as Ulster is concerned. It was evident that something very unusual was in the air for some hours before the coup took place; but only the chiefs of the Volunteers knew the nature of the work to be done or its extent. The local Ulster Volunteer Force was mobilised somewhat before eight o'clock on the Friday night and strengthened by detachments from outlying districts. Sentries were placed at the principal roads giving communication to the town, in order to prevent anyone communicating with the authorities. Then began a procession of motor-cars and motor-lorries whose drivers, showing permits, passed the pickets and went to the harbour. At nine some 200 of the Volunteers took possession of the landing-stage, round which they formed a cordon. Almost immediately, some 600 motor-cars arrived, and a steamer bearing the name

LANDING ARMS AND AMMUNITION FOR ANTI-HOME RULERS.

BY COURTESY OF THE "BELFAST TELEGRAPH."

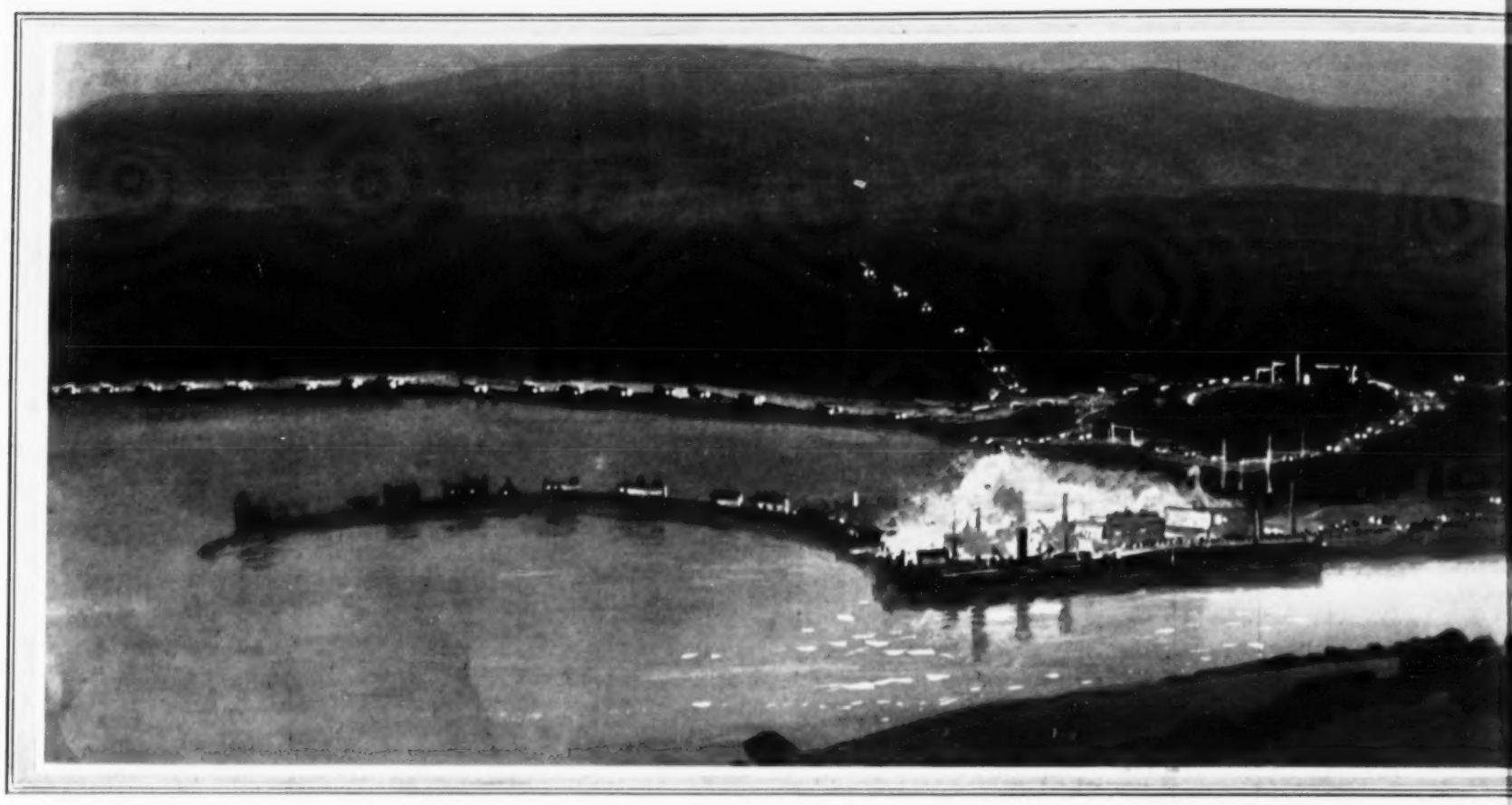


POSSESSION OF LARNE HARBOUR UNLOADING THE "MOUNTJOY'S" CARGO OF RIFLES, MOTOR-VEHICLES TO THE VARIOUS ANTI-HOME-RULE DISTRICTS.

"Mountjoy" came up the bay and was moored beside the berth generally occupied by the Larne and Stranraer Mail Boats. The ship was boarded at once by Volunteers, who discharged her cargo, landing cases containing some 30,000 rifles and bayonets and about 40 tons of ammunition in a few hours. As each motor-vehicle was loaded, it went off escorted by members of the Despatch Riders Corps of the Ulster Volunteer Force. The identity of the ship was disguised: she bore the name "Mountjoy," but it was understood that she was the "Fanny." During the night two smaller ships came alongside the "Mountjoy" and were loaded with thousands of rifles and a quantity of ammunition. In our drawing, the cars proceeding from the foreground towards the ship are on their way to be loaded; the cars coming in the other direction are returning loaded. In the foreground are an officer and men of the Ulster Volunteer Force cordon across the road leading to the quay. A guard of Volunteers is in front of the sheds; on the quay (to the right) are Volunteers ready to relieve those unloading the "Mountjoy."

ARMING THE ULSTER VOLUNTEERS: GUN-RUNNING SC

Facsimile Sketches 1 and 3 by Carey and Thompson, Belfast; No. 2 Drawn



At the chief centre of the gun-running operations by the Ulster Volunteer Force: the scene at Larne while the guns and ammunition were

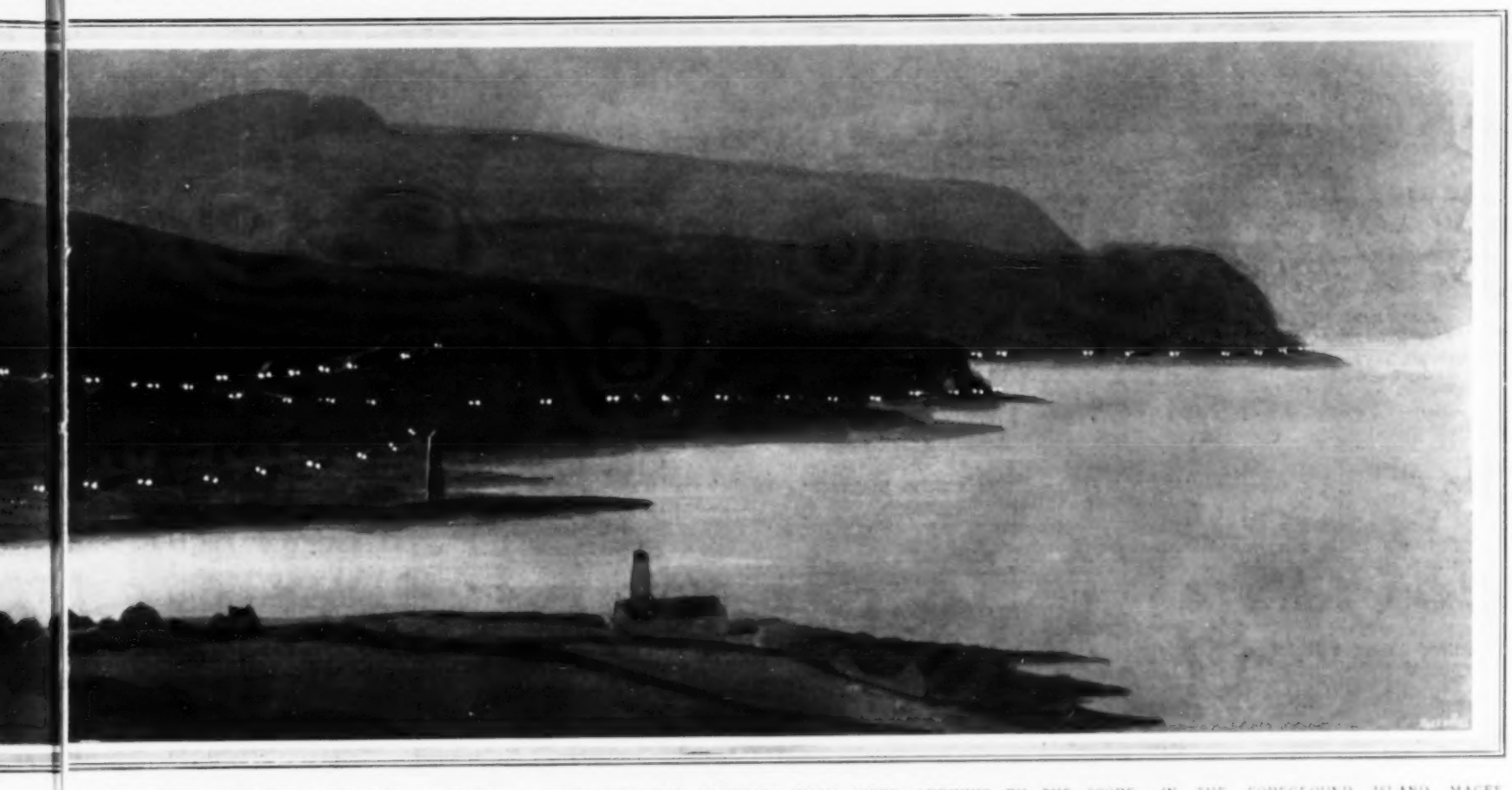
How the rifles and ammunition were conveyed from the ship to the interior of Ulster: cars with bales of the arms leaving Bangor harbour—a view from the end of Main Street.

As we have already had occasion to note, Larne was the chief scene of the gun-running operations of the Ulster Volunteer Force, and it was to the harbour of that town that the "Mountjoy" came, that her cargo might be unloaded for distribution in Ulster and a part of it transferred to two smaller vessels, which landed their cargoes on the County Down coast. At the time of the landing of the guns at Larne, there was also very great activity at Bangor and at Donaghadee. At Bangor, for instance, several thousand Ulster Volunteers from the district arrived early on the Friday night, and many motor-vehicles were driven in. As at Larne, cordons were placed on the communicating roads, and a special guard was set

The

SCENES AT LARNE, ON THE ROAD, AND AT BANGOR.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY CAREY AND DOUGLAS, BELFAST.



WERE BEING UNLOADED FROM THE "MOUNTJOY" AND CARS FOR CARRYING THEM WERE ARRIVING BY THE SCORE IN THE FOREGROUND, ISLAND MAGEE

THE GUN-RUNNERS ON THE ROAD: MOTORS EMPLOYED IN THE CARRYING OF THE ARMS FOR THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER FORCE PASSING A U.V.F. "PICKET" AND ESCORTED BY A MOTOR-CYCLIST OF THE DESPATCH RIDERS' CORPS.

round the coastguard station while other Volunteers paraded the chief streets at a distance from the quay to divert the attention of the police. The cargo of the ship which arrived at Bangor consisted of some 800 rifles and a large quantity of ammunition, and the weapons were distributed to their destination by motor-car. Similar proceedings took place at Donaghadee, except that in that case the coastguards and police were allowed to look on, no doubt because they were too few to intervene. About 70 tons of rifles and cartridges were unloaded. The Volunteers there were called out after midnight, and were reinforced from Newtownards, Comber, and Ballywalter.

Photo. Keller.

THE LATE BARON FEJERVARY,
Ex-Premier of Hungary, and Captain of the Hungarian Guard.

Photo. Harris and Ewing.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY,
The United States Minister in Mexico City, who recently received his passports and went to Vera Cruz.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE DOUGHTY,
M.P. for Grimsby and known as "the Demosthenes of Tariff Reform."

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

SIR LIONEL CARDEN,
Who as British Minister in Mexico has done much to protect British and American Refugees.

PORTRAITS AND PERSONAL NOTES.

AFTER receiving his passports, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the American Minister in Mexico City, decided at first not to leave. His wife, it is reported, even attended the wedding of President Huerta's son on April 24. Eventually they left the city, and reached Vera Cruz, by train, on April 24.

Baron Fejervary, who died recently in Vienna at the age of eighty, was an old friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph. He began his career as a soldier, fought at Solferino, and organised the Hungarian Defence Army. From January 1905 to February 1906—a stormy period—he was Premier of Hungary.

Mr. Philippe Marty, who met with a fatal accident while flying at Hendon a few days ago, had just attained his twenty-first birthday. He became an airman early in 1912, and lately had become noted for "looping the loop" and other daring evolutions.

Photo. Lagrange.

THE LATE MR. PHILIPPE MARTY,
The young Airman who was recently Killed by a Fall at Hendon.

It is understood that the Ulster gun-running exploit was organised and controlled by Captain Craig. He was afterwards reported to have said: "I am always ready for arrest, if they want to take me. The Ulster organisation is now perfect and complete, and if both Sir Edward Carson and I are arrested it will make no difference."

Photo. Langfier, Dublin.

CAPTAIN JAMES CRAIG, M.P.
Said to have been the Organiser and Controller of the Ulster Gun-Running Exploit.

Mr. Thomas Barratt was not only the moving spirit of the famous soap-making firm of Messrs. A. and F. Pears; he was practically the inventor of the modern system of pictorial and displayed advertisement. By its means he raised a firm of old standing to the front rank of great up-to-date businesses. The house of Pears was founded in 1789. Mr. Barratt became a partner in 1864, when he was only twenty-four, and inaugurated a vast campaign of publicity, raising the firm's expenditure on advertising by degrees from £80 to over £100,000 a year. His most famous advertisement was, of course, the poster of Sir John Millais's picture, "Bubbles," which he bought for £2200 from Sir William Ingram, who had originally bought it for this purpose. Mr. Barratt afterwards commissioned many pictures by leading modern artists for similar purposes, and he also fully realised the commercial advantages of attractive advertisements in the illustrated papers. He was himself a genuine lover of art, having in his collection pictures by Constable, Morland, and Landseer, while his love of topography and local antiquities found expression in a sumptuous work on the "Annals of Hampstead." Mr. Barratt was Deputy-Lieutenant of the City, Carpenter and Master of the Barbers' Company, and Fellow of the Microscopical and Statistical Societies.

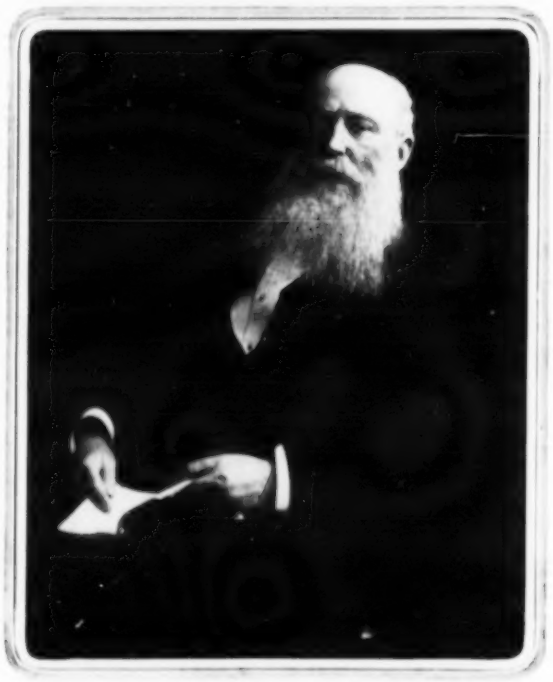


Photo. H. and G. Grantham.

THE PIONEER OF PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENT: THE LATE MR. THOMAS J. BARRATT, CHAIRMAN AND MANAGING-DIRECTOR OF MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS.

Photo. Fife and Wilkes.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM GREET,
The Lessee and Manager of the Lyric Theatre.

Photo. Vandyk.

THE LATE MR. DANCKWERTS, K.C.
A famous Barrister, and an old friend and fellow-pupil of Mr. Asquith.

Photo. Vandyk.

ABBOT FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET,
President of the English Benedictines, who is to be made a Cardinal.

Among the thirteen new Cardinals to be created at the Consistory to be held at the Vatican this month are Abbot Gasquet, President of the English Benedictines, and Monsignor Bégin, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec. Abbot Gasquet is regarded as one of the greatest authorities on the early religious history of England, and is President of the International Commission for the revision of the Vulgate.

Mr. William Greet, who died a few days ago at Bournemouth, had been connected with the Lyric Theatre for twenty years. He was the son of Captain William Greet, R.N., and elder brother of Mr. Ben Greet, the well-known actor-manager. At one time he was an officer in the Marines.

Sir George Doughty, who died suddenly at his home, Waltham Hall, Grimsby, on April 27, began life as a joiner. Later, he became a Methodist preacher and owner of a fleet of fishing-vessels at Grimsby. Then he turned his great natural gift for popular oratory to political purposes, and, as a Liberal, was first elected M.P. for Grimsby in 1895. In 1898 he resigned, and was re-elected as a Unionist. In January 1910 he was defeated, but regained the seat in the December election of that year. He was knighted in 1904.

Sir Lionel Carden has earned the gratitude of Americans in Mexico by his good offices in securing protection for refugees leaving Mexico City for the coast. He was recently appointed British Minister to Brazil. When he leaves for Rio de Janeiro, he will be succeeded in Mexico by Mr. C. M. Marling, whose portrait we gave in our last issue.

Only three days after taking up the duties of his appointment as Senior Naval Officer in Ireland, Vice-Admiral Robert Stokes died suddenly at Admiralty House, Queenstown. Since 1910 he had been Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard. In 1907-8 he was Commodore at Hong Kong. He served as Lieutenant in Egypt in 1882.

Photo. Langfier.

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL R. H. S. STOKES,
Who died suddenly, shortly after being appointed Senior Naval Officer in Ireland.

Mr. Asquith has lost an old friend by the death of Mr. William Danckwerts, the famous King's Counsel. He was a fellow-pupil of the Prime Minister in 1875 in the chambers of Mr. Charles Bowen, who was then "devilling" to the Attorney-General, and later became a Lord of Appeal. Mr. Danckwerts was called to the Bar in 1878, and some twelve years later became Junior Counsel to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. After taking silk in 1900 he obtained a very large practice.

Sir Nevil Macready, who was recently appointed General Officer Commanding the Belfast District, has been for the last four years Director of Personal Services at the War Office. As a Lieutenant in the Gordon Highlanders, he served in Egypt in 1882. As Major, and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, he fought in South Africa, and after the war remained in Cape Colony, holding high commands, until 1906. Later, he commanded the Infantry Brigade. He has had experience of dealing with one form of "civil commotion." In 1911 he was in command at Cardiff during the strike riots at Tonypandy, and received the thanks of the Government for his handling of a dangerous situation.

Photo. Vandyk.

GENERAL SIR NEVIL MACREADY,
Who has been appointed General Officer Commanding the Belfast District.

THE TERRIBLE SEALING DISASTER: RESCUE-WORK ON THE ICE-FLOES.

Photographs by Wilson.

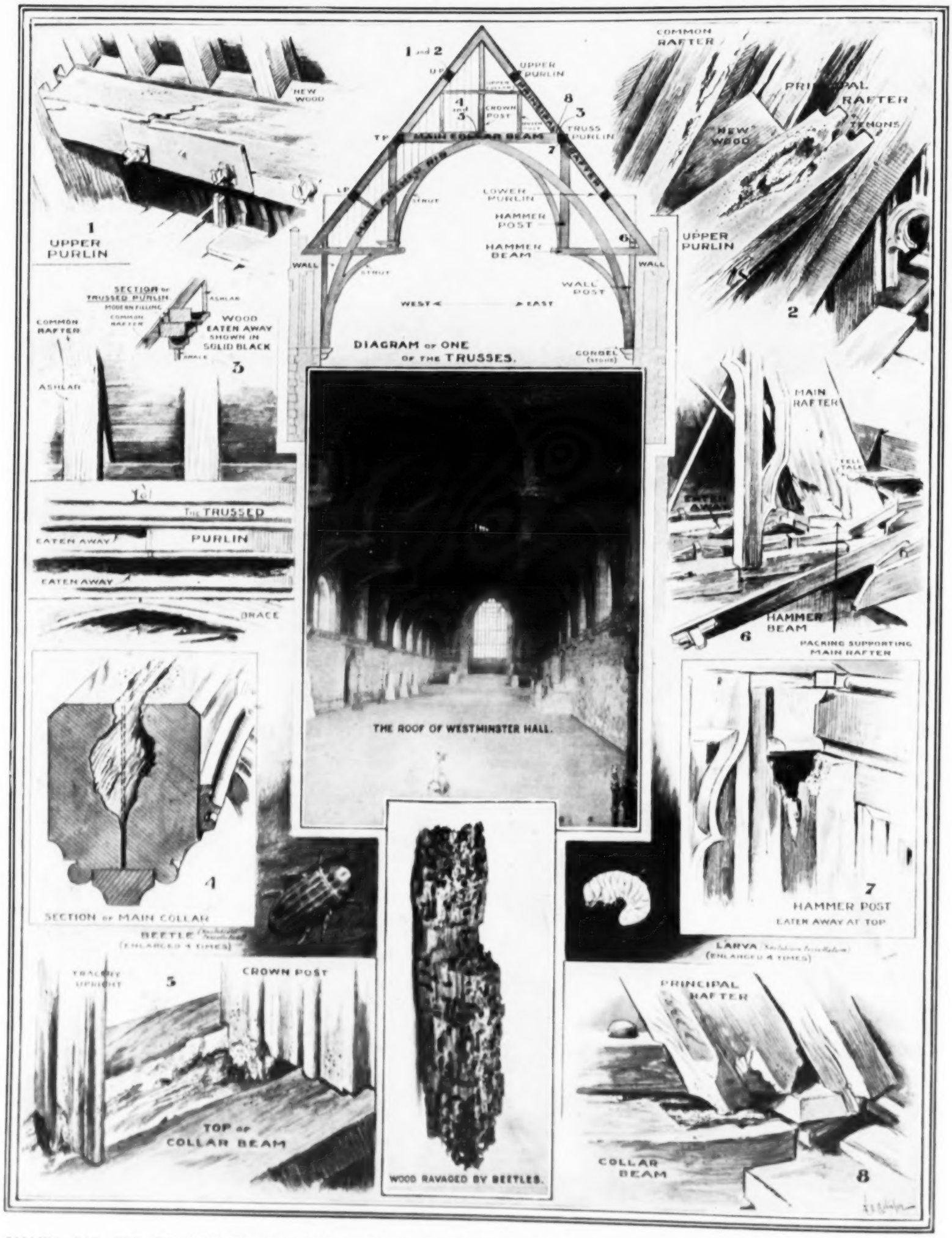
AFTER THE GREATEST DISASTER WHICH HAS BEFALLEN THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEALING FLEET SINCE 1898: BRINGING IN THE "NEWFOUNDLAND" DEAD OVER THE ICE-FLOES.

THE VESSEL WHICH WAS NINE HOURS RAMMING HER WAY THROUGH FOUR MILES OF ICE TO REACH THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: FREEING THE "BELLAVENTURE" WHEN SHE JAMMED IN THE ICE-FLOES.

Our readers will recall that a terrible disaster to the Newfoundland sealing fleet took place early in April, and that many lives were lost, either by shipwreck or, in the case of the "Newfoundland," by the fact that over a hundred men of the sealer were caught in a blizzard while out after seals on ice-floes three or four miles from the ship. Soon after the first news came, the captain of the "Bellaventure" telegraphed: "I have on board 34 survivors, five being serious cases. I have also aboard 58 dead." Later, he telegraphed: "I have just reached the steamer 'Newfoundland,' and have checked the figures by her roster, and find she had 189 total crew. Of these 112 are safe, but 36 are on sick list. Total dead is 77, of which 69 bodies have been recovered, the remaining eight being lost amid the floes." The "Bellaventure" was nine hours ramming her way through four miles of ice to reach the scene of the disaster. Our correspondent writes: "The pictures, actually taken during the voyage, illustrate the dangers of the voyage and of the rescue of the missing. The total loss of life this year has been nearly 260 men out of a total population of 243,000." The disaster is the greatest that has befallen the Newfoundland fleet since 1898, when forty-eight men were lost at the seal fishery.

RICHARD II. WORK DAMAGED BY BEETLES: FAMOUS OLD CARPENTRY.

Sketches by W. H. Robinson; Photograph of the Hall by King.

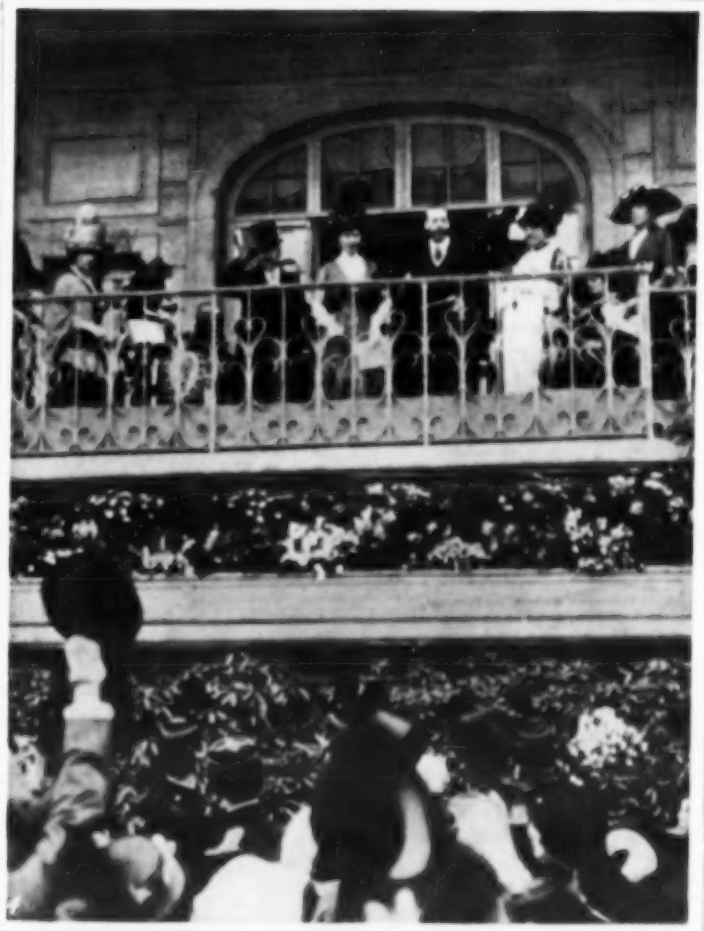


CALLING FOR THE EXPENDITURE OF FROM £60,000 TO £80,000: THE FAMOUS HAMMERBEAM ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL—DETAILS OF THE RAVAGES AND OF WORKMANSHIP.

The famous hammerbeam roof of Westminster Hall is in considerable need of repair. For some eighteen months, indeed, Mr. F. Baines, Chief Architect of the Office of Works, has been engaged in making a minute examination, and it has been decided to undertake restoration which will call for some three years' work. The mischief is due partly to dry rot, but chiefly to the disastrous industry of the larvæ of the beetle Xestobium Tesselatum. It is proposed to provide for the supports of the roof a steel skeleton, which will follow the original design and be concealed by the timber and the original ornamental work; to remove the clumsy oak patching of comparatively recent years; and to fill in decayed cavities in the existing old wood. His investigations have deeply impressed Mr. Baines with the engineering knowledge of the builders who set up the roof. In this year's vote for the Office of Works £10,000 is allotted to the work. The numbers on the drawings refer to those on the diagram of one of the trusses.

ENTENTE SYMBOLS AND THEIR USES: THE BOULEVARDS AND AUTEUIL.

ENGRAVINGS OF THE MENU CARDS BY STERN. DRAWING BY L. SABATIER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY DELIUS.



1. THE GALLIC COCK AND THE SEA-HORSE: THE MENU CARD FOR THE DINNER AT THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

3. A BOULEVARD SCENE: MIDINETTES WEARING AND CARRYING SMALL BRITISH FLAGS PASSING AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

Paris was full of Union Jacks and other British emblems—symbols of the Entente Cordiale—during the visit of the King and Queen. The menu card for the banquet at the Elysée on April 21 was designed by M. A. F. Gorguet; that for the banquet at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the 23rd was the work of M. O. Guillonnet. The midinettes of Paris were particularly noticeable for their enthusiasm in supporting the Entente. On one occasion a group of them gathered at a point where their Majesties were to drive past, and threw bunches of flowers into the carriage in which the Queen was, crying "Vive la Reine! Vive la gracieuse Reine!" At the steeplechase meeting at Auteuil on April 23 the royal visitors received the heartiest of welcomes from the crowd, and also during their progress to and from the course.

2. THE UNION JACK AND THE TRICOLOUR COMBINED: THE MENU CARD FOR THE BANQUET AT THE ELYSÉE.

4. THE ROYAL GUESTS AT AUTEUIL: FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN THE CENTRAL GROUP: PRESIDENT POINCARÉ, THE QUEEN, THE KING, AND MME. POINCARÉ.

RETURNED TO FRANCE BY THE KING: GIFTS FROM WINDSOR TO PARIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE D'ART ET D'ARCHÉOLOGIE.

1. THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF MILITARY DISCIPLINE

2. THE PYRAMID SET UP IN ROME, THEN PULLED DOWN (1564-1568).

3. THE TAKING OF VALENCIENNES (1677).

4. THE SUBMISSION OF GENOA (1684).

5. THE PEACE OF ST. GERMAINS (1679).

During his "Entente Cordiale" visit to Paris, King George performed a graceful act by presenting to France the bronze medallions here illustrated. These works formed, originally, part of the decoration of the pedestal of the statue of Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires, and have been attributed, erroneously, to Desjardins. In point of fact, they were designed by Pierre Mignard and executed by Jean Arnould and Pierre Le Nègre. The history of their wanderings is somewhat obscure, but it seems that the bas-reliefs were once in King George the Third's cottage in Kew Gardens, and that in Queen Victoria's day they were taken to Windsor and set in a Gothic framing. The story runs that when M. Paul Cambon, as French Ambassador, presented his credentials to Queen Victoria, her Majesty drew his attention to the works and asked him if he knew anything about their origin. M. Cambon's inquiries showed that they came, as we have said, from the decoration of the pedestal of a statue of Louis XIV.

MONSTERS OF THE BACKYARD.—V.: BEE: AND BALD-FACED HORNET.

(In "A Book of Monsters," by David Fairchild, shortly to be published. Copyrighted by the National Geographic Society, Washington. Photographs by David Fairchild.

SHOWING THE POISONED STING: A SOLITARY LEAF-CUTTING BEE—SIDE VIEW

A CREATURE WHICH SETS MEN RUNNING: THE BALD-FACED HORNET.

We continue our series of photographs of Monsters of the Backyard. The following is from Mr. David Fairchild's notes on his remarkable photographic magnifications: "The sting or 'stinger' of a bee is indeed a most wonderful piece of mechanism. At the base, inside the body of the bee, lie bars or levers, operated by muscles, which push the darts out and draw them in. The poison-sac lies just behind this mechanism, and pours the poison into a set of cup-like valves, from which it escapes into the minute sting longitudinal grooves in the sting like grease along the piston of an engine. The sting itself is not, then, hollow, like the spider's poison fang. . . . . There is no wild creature in the northern United States that a man will run away from so fast as from a bald-faced hornet. At the tip of her flexible armour-plated abdomen is the poison-fed stiletto with which she paralyses her prey or drives off enemies from the nest. . . . . From her forehead hang ringed antennae, which doubtless are the organs with which she scents the presence of her prey, and they may also help her find her way about."

THE KING'S FIRST CUP FINAL: THE GREAT ASSOCIATION EVENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, L.N.A., AND C.N.

DISCIPLES OF ST. SIMEON STYLITES: LIVING "STATUES" WATCHING THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP FINAL.

SEEING MORE OF THE CROWD THAN OF THE GAME: SOLDIERS SEATED ON POSTS.

WINNERS OF THE CHIEF TROPHY OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE BURNLEY TEAM.

SOME OF THE 100,000 SPECTATORS: A SECTION OF THE VAST CROWD AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE DECISIVE MOMENT: FREEMAN, THE BURNLEY CENTRE FORWARD, SCORES THE ONLY GOAL OF THE MATCH.

WEARING THE RED ROSE OF LANCASTER IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE: THE KING AT THE CUP FINAL.

The final of the Football Association Cup, played at the Crystal Palace on April 25 between the Burnley and Liverpool teams, was rendered memorable by the presence of the King, who had never before attended the chief event of the Association game. There were some 100,000 people present, many, of course, hailing from Lancashire, and they gave his Majesty a great ovation. Before the match the teams lined up before him, and the two captains, Boyle and Ferguson, were presented. At the end he handed the Cup to Boyle, the Burnley captain, and medals to the rest of the team. Burnley won by one goal to nil. The goal was kicked in the second half of the match by Freeman, the centre forward. Liverpool were playing without Lowe, their regular captain.

AS IT IS OFTEN ON BUDGET NIGHT: "SCENE IN THE HOUSE."

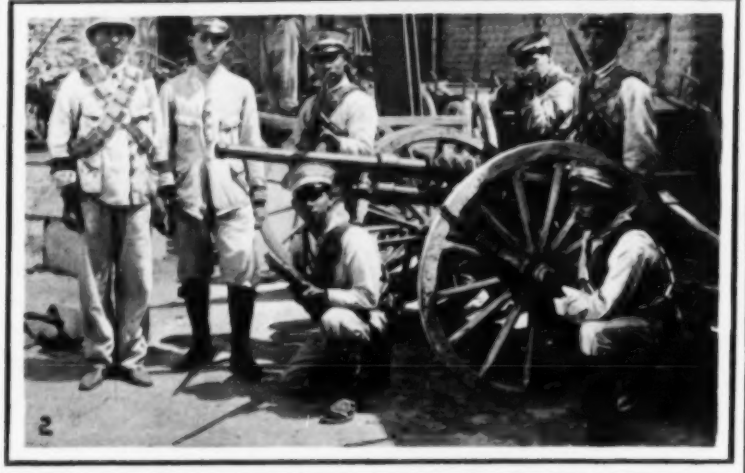
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.

RULES DEFIED BY THOSE WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO TELL THE NATION OF THE GOINGS OF ITS REPRESENTATIVES: MEMBERS OF THE PRESS GALLERY STRAINING TO DO THEIR WORK DURING A TIME OF EXCITEMENT IN THE HOUSE.

Concerning this illustration, Mr. Begg writes: "Although it is against the rules for members of the Press Gallery to stand up or lean over in such a way as to be conspicuous to those below, when anything really dramatic happens the journalistic instinct, of course, asserts itself, and an upward movement of those in the back seats is distinctly perceptible." As to the Gallery itself, he quotes Messrs. Arnold Wright and Philip Smith's "Parliament: Past and Present": "It is a Press world in itself, and one which has its own treasured traditions and its peculiar customs and usages. Amongst the names inscribed upon its roll are those of men who have won high distinction in many and varied walks of life. Dickens was an old Gallery hand. Eminent authors and politicians, like Mr. Justin McCarthy, have had their early training there. It has been the cradle of the reputations of men of the law not less renowned than Sir Edward Clarke and the late Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell of Killowen)."

SELF-JUDGED SUFFICIENT TO DEAL WITH GENERAL HUERTA!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAIN, UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, LTD.



1. TROOPS OF GENERAL HUERTA, WITH WHOM GENERALS CARRANZA AND VILLA WISH TO DEAL WITHOUT THE AID OF THE UNITED STATES: FEDERALS MARCHING AGAINST REBELS.
2. OF THE FORCE GENERALS CARRANZA AND VILLA DEEM SUFFICIENT TO DEAL WITH GENERAL HUERTA: GUNS AND FIGHTING-MEN OF THE REBEL, OR CONSTITUTIONALIST, ARMY.
3. ADVANCING: FEDERAL CAVALRY WITH ARTILLERY.
4. UNITS OF THE FORCE GENERAL HUERTA OPPOSES TO THE UNITED STATES, ALTHOUGH AMERICA DECLARES THERE IS NO WAR: ARTILLERY OF THE FEDERAL ARMY.
5. AWAITING THE ENEMY: CONSTITUTIONALISTS IN THE TRENCHES.
6. TROOPS OF GENERAL HUERTA IN ACTION AGAINST THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS: FEDERAL ARTILLERY.

Despite the declaration made by President Wilson that the United States action at Vera Cruz and Tampico was not war, and was not directed against the Mexican people but against General Huerta, it was soon evident that Mexicans as a body did not see the move in the same light. Further, Generals Carranza and Villa, First Chief and a very important leader of the rebel, or Constitutionalist, army, have affirmed that their forces are quite sufficient to deal with General Huerta without aid from the United States. General Carranza has said: "The illegal acts committed by the usurper Huerta and his partisans . . . shall be tried with inflexibility and promptness by the tribunal of the Constitutionalist Government"; while General Villa has asked why the United States should bother about a man like Huerta at all.

PROTESTANT AGAINST THE UNITED STATES IN MEXICO—AND HUERTA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS AND EWING.

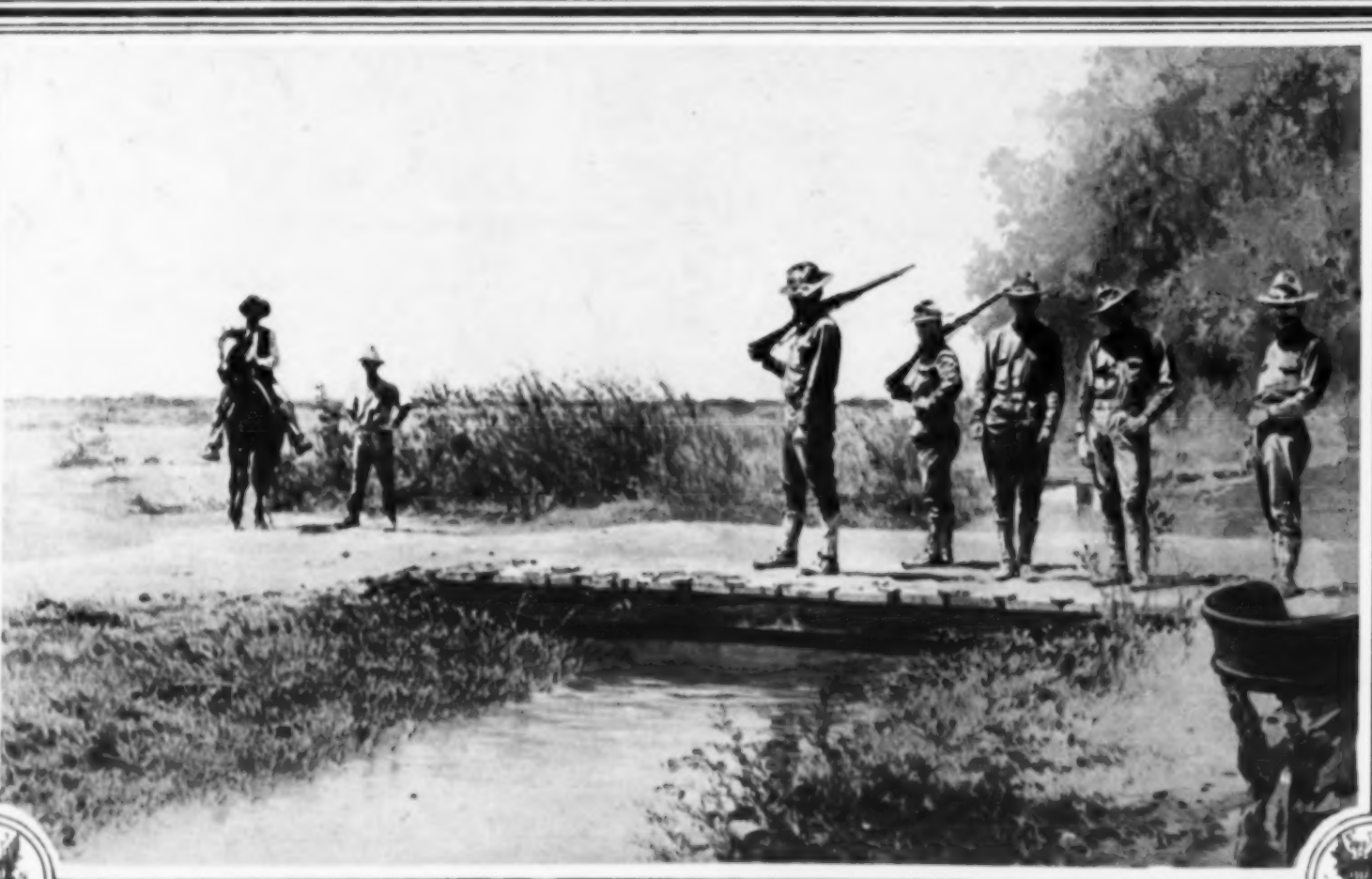
"YOUR FORCES AT VERA CRUZ ARE A VIOLATION OF OUR RIGHTS": GENERAL CARRANZA, "GOVERNOR OF COAHUILA AND FIRST CHIEF OF THE ARMY."

The rebellion of General Carranza against the provisional Presidency of General Huerta began in February of last year, after the enforced resignation of Madero, followed by the removal of himself and his Vice-President. Carranza was Governor of the State of Coahuila; and, as such, he sent a remarkable message to the United States the other day, saying: "General Huerta is a culprit amenable to the Constitutionalist Government, which represents national sovereignty. The illegal acts committed by the usurper Huerta and his partisans, and those which they may yet perpetrate, be they international or domestic, shall be tried with inflexibility and promptness by the tribunals of the Constitutionalist Government. The invasion of our territory and the permanency of your forces at Vera Cruz are a violation of our rights of independence and sovereignty, and will drag us into an unequal war which, until to-day, we have desired to avoid." A "Times" correspondent wrote of him a while ago: "Whatever excesses may be laid to the charge of his subordinates, there is no uncertainty in my mind as to the sincerity or the personal honour of the General himself."

WHERE THE UNITED STATES ALWAYS FACE MEXICO: FRONTIER SCENES.

After Photographs by Sport and General.

1. KEEPING THE PEACE DURING THE PRESENT CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO: UNITED STATES TROOPS CHASING TWO MEN ATTEMPTING TO CROSS THE FRONTIER FROM MEXICO.



2. WHERE THE UNITED STATES FACE MEXICO: MEN OF A UNITED STATES PICKET (FOREGROUND) ON THE FRONTIER, AND, ACROSS THE FRONTIER, A MOUNTED MAN OF A REBEL MEXICAN PICKET.

As soon as it became known that the United States had decided to take action at Vera Cruz and at Tampico, the question of possible fighting on the United States-Mexico frontier became of great importance; and it was pointed out that in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona Americans regard Carranza and Villa just about as sympathetically as cats regard mice, that Dr. Wilson's detestation of Huerta and his supporters is as nothing to the hatred of these border citizens for the "Constitutionalist" chiefs. The necessity for watchfulness on the frontier has been made evident times without number during that Civil War between the Mexican Federals and Constitutionalists, a struggle which is now somewhat overshadowed by the greater question of the United States and Mexico. The photographs here given illustrate this phase.

NOT MAKERS OF "WAR" AGAINST MEXICO: THE UNITED STATES CABINET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

1. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE SECRETARY OF STATE: DR. WOODROW WILSON (IN CAP ON THE LEFT) AND MR. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

In our illustration of President Wilson and his Cabinet there are seen Dr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States; and (reading, from the President's left, right round the table), Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. James Clark McReynolds, Attorney-General; Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; Mr. David Franklin Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labour; Mr. William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; Mr. Franklin Knight Lane, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Albert Sidney Burleson, Postmaster-General; Mr. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War; and Mr. William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State. As we have had occasion to note before, the United States Government did not have it altogether its own way when the question of armed action in Mexico came up for discussion. The House of Representatives agreed, by 337 votes to 37, that the President was justified in the employment of the armed forces of the United States to enforce commands upon Victoriano Huerta; but objection was raised in the Senate to the "individualising" of Huerta, and amendments were made and approved.

2. DECLARED TO BE ACTING AGAINST GENERAL HUERTA, BUT NOT AGAINST MEXICO AS A COUNTRY: PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE UNITED STATES CABINET.

NOT TO BE DRAGGED INTO WAR WITH THE UNITED S

PHOTOGRAPH BY

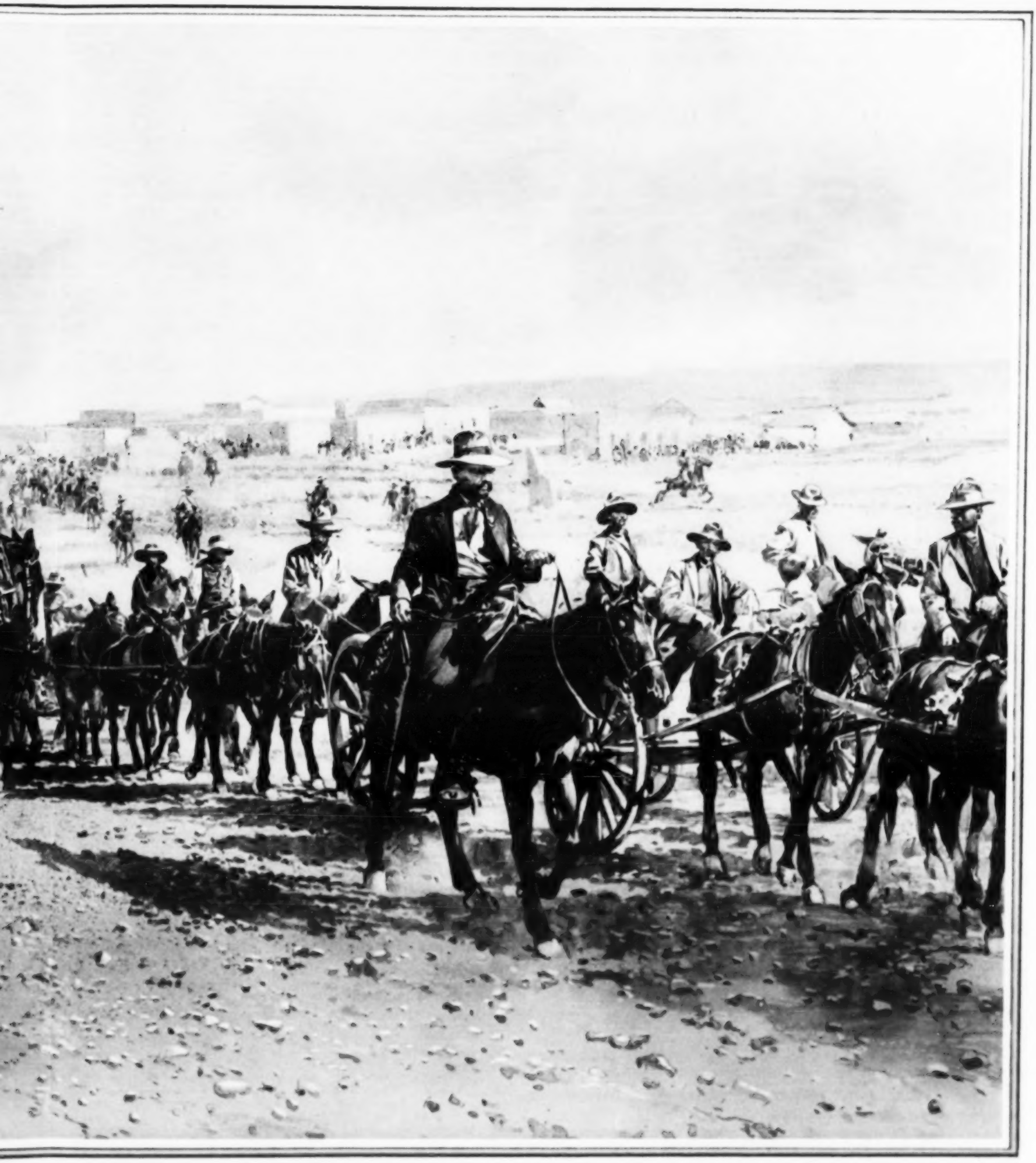
THE MAN WHO HAS ASKED WHY WASHINGTON WANTS TO PAY ANY ATTENTION TO

Soon after the outbreak of those hostilities which President Wilson persisted in affirming were not war, General Villa, the notorious leader of the forces of General Carranza, chief of the Mexican rebels, or "Constitutionalists," as they prefer to be called, caused some sensation by telling Mr. Carothers, the American Vice-Consul at Torreon, that he declined to be dragged into war with the United States by anybody. Stating this, Reuter said that Villa asked why the United States wanted to pay any attention to a man like Huerta, and remarked: "All Europe would laugh at us if we went to war with you." He added that General Carranza had not consulted him about the drafting of his note to President Wilson. At the same time a "Daily Telegraph" correspondent, drawing attention to the danger of an

N.B.—Eight-page Literary Supplement inserted here.

NITED STATES! A NOTORIOUS CONSTITUTIONALIST LEADER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN.



ON TO A MAN LIKE HUERTA! GENERAL VILLA, THE MEXICAN REBEL, REVIEWING TROOPS.

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outbreak on the frontier, said that in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona, Americans regard Carranza and Villa just about as sympathetically as cats regard mice. "Dr. Wilson's detestation of Huerta and his supporters is as nothing to the hatred of these border citizens for the 'Constitutionalist' chiefs." It will be recalled that many hold Villa responsible for the death of Mr. Benton, although General Carranza's Commission affirmed that the rancher was actually shot by Major Rudolfo Fierro. To this it may be added that Francisco Villa, who is alleged to have had a career of torture and murder, is said to have been born at Las Nieves, in the State of Durango, in about the year 1868, and to be almost wholly uneducated, unable to read and scarcely able to sign his name.

ACCORDING TO IXTILTON, MEXICAN GOD OF HEALING, A

Photographs Reproduced by Permission of

Deities Associated with the Art of Healing.

The Shop of a Barber-Surgeon of the 16th Century.

The Exterior of a London Apothecary's Shop in the 17th Century.

Medicine-men and Their Hut in New Guinea.

I.

THE Historical Medical Museum, which is in being at 54a, Wigmore Street, and will be reopened at the end of this month, was founded last year, by Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, as an international collection, illustrating the history of medicine and the allied sciences. Contained in it are pictures, statuary, surgical instruments from all parts of the world, and various other most interesting objects connected with medicine, surgery, chemistry, pharmacy, and kindred arts. It begins with a section devoted to the medical practices of primitive man, showing, for instance, how he operated, and illustrating the methods of witch-doctors and medicine-men of many peoples. Somewhat allied to this are many charms, amulets, and talismans representing prophylactic medicine. Further, there are relics of famous men of the medical world and of the world of surgery; and there are, too, models of old laboratories and shops of old apothecaries and barber-surgeons, hospital-wards and sick-rooms of the sixteenth century, and so on; all built after unquestionable plans and pictures. It is under the

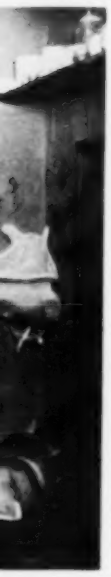
MODERN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COLLECTION OF JOHN DEE, AND OF OTHERS, DEALING WITH THE HIST AS ILLUSTRATED AT THE

(continued.)

fruits; for the Tradescants were primarily gardeners and collectors of herbs. Their Museum went to Elias Ashmole, and was rearranged at Oxford, where most people have seen the unique head and foot of the dodo, the body having been destroyed in one of those periods of darkness to which all universities are liable. Continuing, Dr. Moore pointed out that in the Museum under notice the origins of medicine could be studied in two directions. In one of the halls are two figures typifying these—Ixtilton, the Mexican god of healing (his head

LING AND AESCULAPIUS, SON OF APOLLO: "DOCTORING."

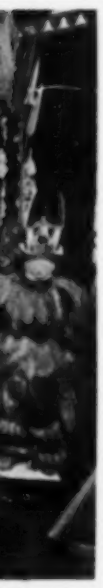
PERMISSION OF THE WELLCOME HISTORICAL MEDICAL MUSEUM.



TURY.

THE SHOP OF A LONDON APOTHECARY OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

THE LABORATORY OF AN ALCHEMIST OF THE 16TH CENTURY.



NEA.

THE ROOM OF A ROMAN PHYSICIAN IN POMPEII.

THE FAVOURITE CHAIR OF DR EDWARD JENNER, DISCOVERER OF VACCINATION

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care of Mr. C. J. S. Thompson, F.R.S.M.; and from June 1 it will be opened daily to members of the medical and kindred professions, who will be admitted on the presentation of visiting-cards, and to members of the general public, who may obtain tickets on the introductions of registered medical practitioners. So it is to become a permanent London institution. As we have already said, it includes much that is of great interest. When he formally opened it, Dr. Norman Moore, said "Knowledge," a little while ago, reviewed the formation of earlier museums, all of which are relatively recent creations and usually developments from libraries. "In the reign of Elizabeth, John Dee formed one of the first, a collection of mathematical and astronomical instruments and of various curiosities in his library at Mortlake; but the first considerable museum in England was that of John Tradescant, father and son, at London. The catalogue of the Tradescantian Museum was printed in 1656, and shows that it had fifteen sections, among which were beasts, birds, reptiles, weapons, and many dried plants and

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THE HEALING OF MAN BY MAN: THE CURING OF THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO

ISTORICAL MEDICAL MUSEUM.

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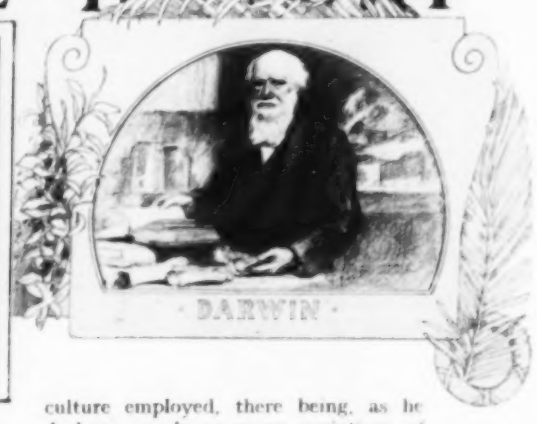
covered by a grotesque mask, a necklace of the teeth of the sperm whale round his neck, a curious instrument of enchantment in his right hand), and the Apollo Belvedere, his face showing the highest flights of thought and powers of observation. The figure of Istiffion suggested charms, amulets, and magical ceremonies. The figures of Apollo and of his son Asklepios (Aesculapius) suggested observation, experiment, and reasoning. Regarding Illustration No. 8, Dr. Edward Jenner was seated in this chair when he was stricken with the illness which proved fatal, on January 25, 1823

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

SAID TO BE WARMER THAN EIDERDOWN, AND USED FOR FILLING LIFE-JACKETS AND LIFE-BUOYS: KAPOK, A WHITE TREE-COTTON.

Kapok is a white tree-cotton grown in India and Java. Its fibres are very elastic and non-absorbent of water. It is claimed for it that it is warmer than eider-down, and it has been used for filling life-jackets and life-buoys. Dutch planters cultivate it in Java. The botanical name is "Eriodendron anfractuosum."



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

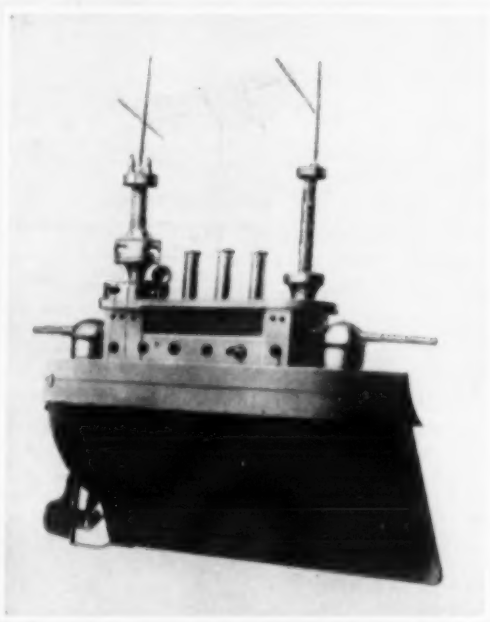
THE PREVENTION OF TYPHOID.

TYPHOID fever is one of those scourges of humanity which have hitherto resisted the measures for its abolition dictated by the modern science of hygiene, and in the Boer War was responsible for more deaths than the bullets of the enemy. This is a particularly serious thing for the State, because typhoid, unlike most other epidemics, attacks by preference the young and healthy rather than the old and infirm, and therefore removes prematurely those whom a community of eugenists would choose for the perpetuation of the race. It is difficult to get at English statistics on the point, but Professor Henri Vincent, the Chef de Service at the Hospital of Val de Grâce, estimates the normal number of deaths from typhoid among the civil population of France at more than 5000 annually, which, as about ten per cent. of typhoid cases in civil life end fatally, would give an annual number of 50,000 cases. Can nothing be done to put an end to this suffering and its attendant dangers?

The answer of science is that it can. The pollution of drinking-water is one of the most frequent causes of typhoid epidemics, and accounts for most of the losses from them to an army in the field. Much has already been done by the State and by municipalities to remedy this, and in England danger from this source is practically negligible. The transmission of the disease by house-flies is now well established, and although comparatively few people are yet alive to the importance of checking their increase, the London County Council has already done good work by issuing notices impressing it upon the public. Not less important is the destruction of the typhoid germ itself by observing scrupulous cleanliness with regard to persons attacked by it, their nurses, and their attendants, the disinfection of all dwellings in which they may be, and the destruction of all clothing that may be contaminated by their use. But beyond and above all these lesser precautions is the immunisation of the individual by means which shall prevent him or her from being infected with the disease. The efficacy of such measures has already been proved to the hilt in the case of small-pox. Now vaccination against typhoid fever has been known among us since the year 1888. The method adopted is to inject into the patient a culture of the bacillus causing the disease, after sterilising it by heating in the manner devised by Pasteur. In 1896, this method was introduced into England by several practitioners, of whom Sir Almroth Wright is, perhaps, the best known to the general public, and has been practised with good results upon many officers and others ordered to countries where typhoid may be expected to be prevalent. Its effect is to produce in the patient a favourable attack of the complaint without any of the dangerous symptoms or the harmful *sequelæ*; and the effect, so far as can yet be judged, is in successful cases to give perfect immunity. Yet there are some disadvantages. The immediate effect is sometimes to induce biliary troubles, which, although not dangerous, are unpleasant; the heating has to be very carefully done, inasmuch as, if it be carried above 140 deg. Fahr., the virus becomes so attenuated as to be useless; while the antiseptics which are usually added to it are capable of giving unnecessary pain to the patient in the neighbourhood of the injection. What was wanted was some means of sterilising the injection so as to kill the bacillus without destroying its property of immunisation. According to Professor Henri Vincent, this has now been discovered. His method, which is adopted at his laboratory at the Val de Grâce Hospital, whence the vaccine thus prepared is despatched all over France and her colonies, is first to choose very carefully the culture employed, there being, as he declares, nearly as many variations of the typhus bacillus as there are of the human race. Of these he makes a mixture of the least harmful, and kills them immediately before use by an admixture of ether, which, besides having an antiseptic effect, deprives the culture of all those greasy and other substances which have been found in practice to produce local distress. The result is that there is no redness or local inflammation following the injection, and it merely induces in only one or two per cent. of the cases a slight feverish attack, which can be immediately reduced by a tabloid of antipyrine or aspirine. He declares that the slight inconvenience that follows the injection is in every case less than that which follows in the infant the first vaccination against small-pox.

The immunity given by this "polyvalent vaccine," as he has called it, is remarkable. In 1911 it was tried in the French Army in Morocco, where typhoid fever is, so to speak, endemic. Not a single soldier thus vaccinated was attacked, and in 1912 over 30,000 soldiers were thus vaccinated and remained absolutely immune. At Avignon, in the summer of the same year, an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out owing to an accidental pollution of the water-supply. Of the garrison of 2000 men, about 700 had not been vaccinated, and among these were 155 cases, of which 22 ended fatally. Among the remaining 1300 vaccinated men, not a single case occurred. This experience has since been repeated wherever the Val de Grâce vaccine has been tried, and the system has been adopted in nearly every Continental army, as well as in many centres of civil population in France. Such facts require no comment. But how long are we going to wait before following the good example of our neighbours and allies?

F. L.

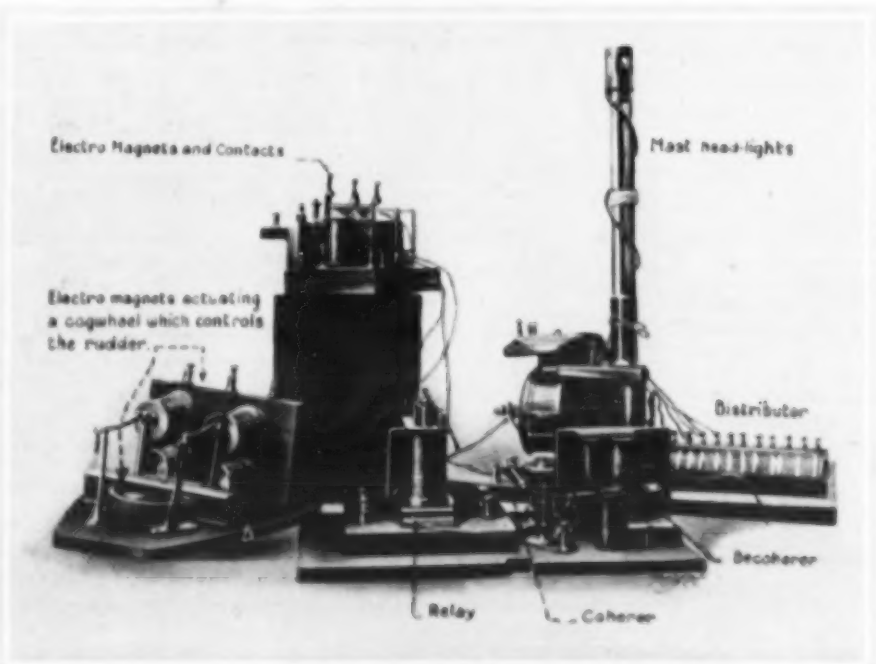


MANŒUVRED BY "WIRELESS": A MINIATURE WAR-SHIP WHICH IS CONTROLLED BY HERTZIAN WAVES.

(See Paragraph on this Page.)

A MODEL WAR-SHIP CONTROLLED BY WIRELESS.

ONE of the photographs here reproduced shows a model war-ship which may be manœuvred by "wireless" waves transmitted from the land. A transparent foremast contains five coloured electric-lamps arranged one above the other. When the vessel takes the water, a clockwork motor revolves slowly a cylinder fitted with metal studs, which successively make electrical contact with the lamps and also the various controlling instruments inside the hull. A ten-wire aerial is suspended between the masts, and is led to a filings coherer, which, in turn, is connected to a relay, local batteries, and the apparatus. Directly the cylinder rotates, the first stud completes the circuit of red lamp 1; and the operator on shore, observing the light, immediately transmits a Hertzian wave from his spark coil. This wave instantaneously affects the aerial on board the little boat, enabling the coherer to pass a stronger current causing the relay to close the circuit of the motor which operates the propeller, thus sending the boat on its journey. The other lamps light up in sequence, and green light 2 and the white light respectively steer the ship to the left or right as the case may be. Red light 4 and green light 5 fire two cannon, one at the fore and one aft. This ingenious model was constructed by a Frenchman, M. Brunet; and is likely to set many at work on kindred ideas.

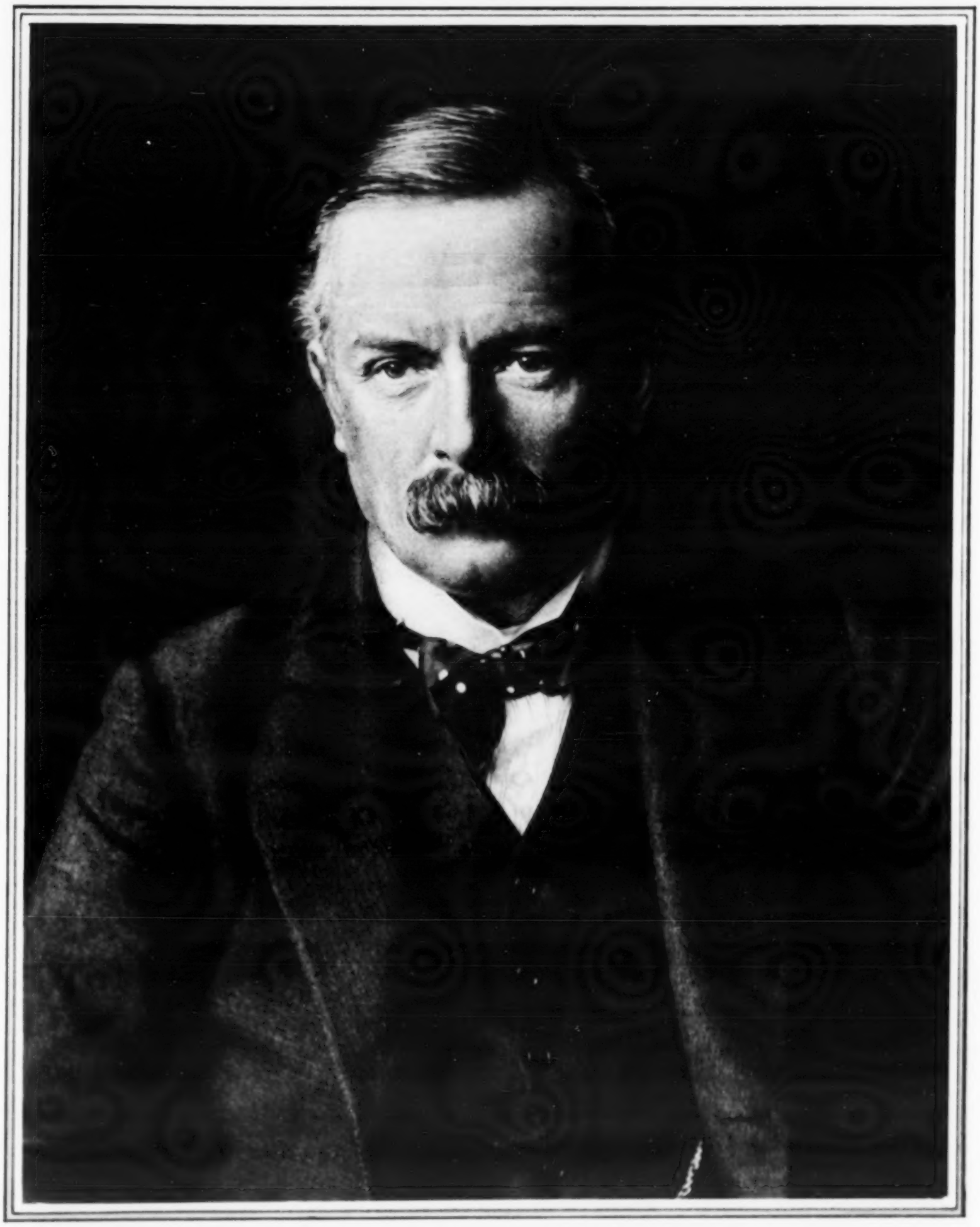


A "WAR-SHIP" MANŒUVRED BY WIRELESS: THE APPARATUS DEVISED BY M. BRUNET.

(See Paragraph on this Page.)

WELL-HATED AND WELL-LIKED: THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Photograph by A. and R. Annan and Sons.



INTRODUCER OF THE BUDGET THIS WEEK: THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, P.C., M.P., D.C.L.

Mr. Lloyd George, who arranged to make his Budget announcement on Thursday (April 30) is, without doubt, the most-discussed of British politicians, a Cabinet Minister who is as heartily hated by one section of the public as he is heartily liked by the other. There is no need for us to say much of him here; and we rest content in giving a few bare facts of his life. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was born in Manchester in 1863, son of the late William George, Master of Hope Street Unitarian Schools, Liverpool. He was educated at Llanystumdwy Church School and privately; and, in 1884, became a solicitor. He first entered Parliament in 1890. From 1905 until 1908 he was President of the Board of Trade; since the date last named he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Privy Councillorship dates from 1905. He has been Constable of Carnarvon Castle since 1908. In 1888, he married Margaret, daughter of Richard Owen, of Mynydddnyfed, Criccieth.

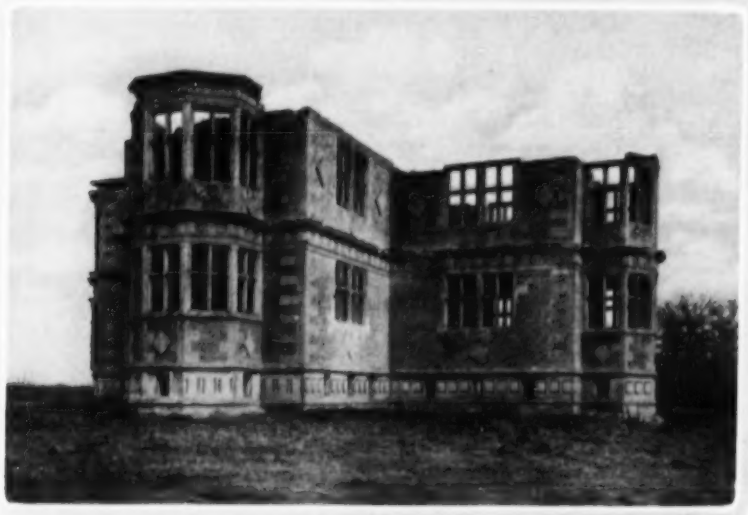
ART NOTES.

BY a happy and irresponsible method, much resembling the fancying of a race-horse by people who have never seen one, it has been decided that either Mr. Cadogan Cowper or Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen is responsible for the picture of the year. The honour has so often fallen on less worthy shoulders, and the claim to it at the best has been so unsatisfactorily established by an actual examination of Academy favourites, that the news is promising enough. Let it be hoped that they have both painted pictures of the year.

Mr. Greiffenhagen's and Mr. Cadogan Cowper's canvases are both entered on the preliminary list of works to be considered for purchase by the Chantrey Trustees. But the Trustees' duty, if they duly remember, is not finished when they have made a first hanging inspection of the Academy. Some years ago they met the scoldings of a Royal Commission by promising to look outside the precincts of Burlington House for wayward talent; and last week the President went round the galleries with his advisers. It is suggested that one of Mr. Ricketts's pictures at the "International" was "under consideration." The phrase may have a somewhat dubious ring in the ears of an artist who has never submitted to Academic authority, but we would rather have Mr. Ricketts under consideration than beyond or outside or even above it. The purchase of his "Wise and Foolish Virgins" would from the Academy's point of view be a wild plunge into the unknown; but it would be the best of all possible plunges, whatever may be the nature of the two, or twenty, pictures of the year at Burlington House.

The claims of other outsiders, and even of other Associates of the Academy, have been often stated and as often ignored; but since it is known that the President has been making the rounds, it is interesting to note some of the pictures that came under his scrutiny. Mr. D. Y. Cameron, for instance, is seen at the height of his powers in the visited galleries, but the impression made on the Chantrey Trustees will not now transpire. The news that the Contemporary Art Society had purchased his Academy picture, "Ben Ledi," for the nation reached them in time to remind them that they have been very backward in honouring that artist. The "Tate," however, now stands in no need of another example, and the Chantrey Bequest is robbed of one more opportunity of making itself useful. With the announcement of the Cameron purchase comes word of the acquisition of Mr. Walter Sickert's "Army and Navy," but it is unlikely, in this case, that the Trustees find themselves forestalled. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Kennington, at the "International," were both more to their liking.

Whatever the two, or the twenty, pictures of the year at Burlington House (and I write while I still wait on the doorstep for admission), we may enjoy the certainty of Mr. La Thangue's genius at the Leicester Galleries. His exhibition of Ligurian landscapes makes one wish that the Chantrey Trustees were sometimes indiscreet to the point of buying half-a-dozen works by one R.A. E. M.



A HISTORIC NORTHAMPTONSHIRE RUIN TO BE PRESERVED: LYVEDEN NEW BUILDING.

Lyveden New Building was erected by Sir Thomas Tresham in the sixteenth century. It is full of interesting architectural symbolism, and near it are the remains of the old Elizabethan gardens. An option of purchase of the site has been acquired by the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, and a Committee, including Earl Spencer, has been formed to raise funds and take charge of the building. Mr. J. A. Gotch, of Weekley Rise, near Kettering, is acting as treasurer.

Photograph by H. J. Smith.

TO THE MEN BELOW WHO DIED AT THEIR POSTS IN THE DARK: UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL TO THE ENGINEERS OF THE "TITANIC" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Over ten thousand people were present when the memorial was unveiled recently by Sir Archibald Denny, Bt., President of the Institute of Marine Engineers. He said the engineers of the "Titanic" must have known that no pumping could avert the final catastrophe, yet they stuck to their duty, driven from boiler-room to boiler-room, and fought for every inch of draught to give time for launching the boats. He compared them to the soldiers of the "Birkenhead," but pointed out that, while the latter stood together in the open air, the engineers worked below and perished in the dark. The figure of Glory in the monument rests on a boat-prow of bronze.—*(Photograph by Topical.)*

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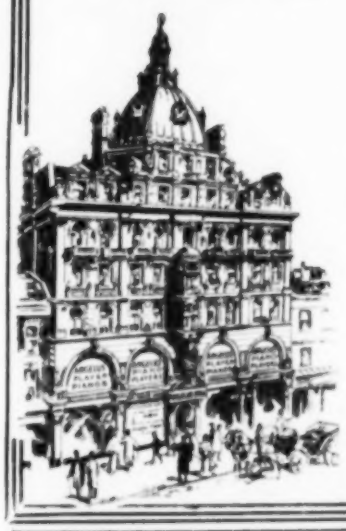

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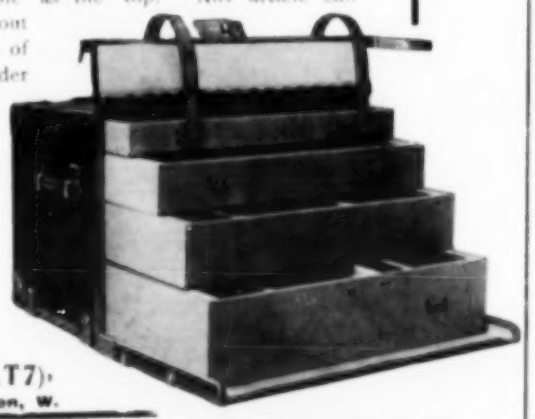

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FRANK POTTER, GENERAL MANAGER.

LITERATURE.

"The Tower of the Mirrors." To open a new book by Vernon Lee is always a source of pleasant anticipation. We know that it will be scholarly without pedantry, rich in fantasy but accurate in facts, imbued with the spirit of romance, not lacking in humour, and showing a fine sense of the value of words. Varied in scene and subject, these essays range from Edinburgh through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and the art of the author makes Princes Street and the Tower of Professor Geddes as picturesque as the Tower of Virgil, near the Tarpeian Rock, built that the poet might see in its mirrors all that was happening in Rome. The author of "The Tower of the Mirrors" (The Bodley Head), writes humorously of the lank, quixotic newsagent in Chablis, who appreciated Stendhal; charmingly of the little white hospital in the Bernese Lowlands; brightly of Goethe and Lavater in Zurich, and the science of Physiognomy, "whereby Guileless Virtue learned to shun Villainy's eyebrow and mistrust the Vulpine snout of the False Friend"; and when the author is back in her beloved Italy we find the grace and culture of her literary style in their most delightful forms. One essay is devoted to "Vallombrosa," and we are told of the *Holy Beechtree*—"The great mossy tree slants its branches, poises the tent of its leaves over a little terrace, benches, and steps, weather-black, velvety-green with moss, strewn with brown beech-leaves as if brocaded and carpeted for some sylvan procession."

Saint Augustin. This translation, by Vincent O'Sullivan, from the French of Louis Bertrand (Constable) gives a vivid picture of the Saint of the "Confessions." How intensely human was he we know from his own pen, but the *minutiæ* of his life, with its material, mental, moral, and religious vicissitudes, his ultimate spiritual and mundane triumph, make an enthralling story. The translator declares that outside learned or theological circles people no longer read Saint Augustin, and adds that it is true renown—"We admire the saints, as we do great men, on trust." But there will be many to read this life of the man who lived to become Bishop of Hippo, and to die, full of years, leaving as legacy to the world some of the most remarkable "Confessions" ever made by saint or sinner. The volume is very human. We feel the grief of Monica, mother of Augustin; we shrink from the ignominy of the dismissal of his mistress by Augustin; we follow step by step one of the most passionate lives in history; and the "rampart of printed matter" behind which the record of frailty, folly, wisdom, weakness, courage, sublimity is entrenched is worth the storming. The book is admirably written. In a phrase or two, for instance, we have a picture of the place where Augustin was born: "Thagaste had columns . . . a column is like a free melody singing among the heavy masses of the building . . . a white ghost of beauty streaming up from the ruins among the modern hovels"; and we have, too, a little drama abounding in detail, a picture of a great nature in all its aspects.

"Human Quintessence." Clever son of a clever father, Sigurd Ibsen has given us a thoughtful and unconventional volume of sociology and philosophy in "Human Quintessence" (Frank Palmer). The phrase is familiar to us upon the ironic lips of Hamlet, but in its adoption by Sigurd Ibsen the sentiment is reversed, for with all phases of humanity the author interests himself, and us. Sociology, philosophy, science—nothing is alien to him, for he holds that the great power known as "personality" is just humanity in quintessence, and that never will the infinity of Nature impress our minds as does the multiplicity of human life, as, wonderful as it is, its phenomena will never exert upon us an influence that can rival that of human manifestations of man as individual, of man in the mass. The volume is curiously interesting, and has been translated with obvious skill and sympathy by Marcia Hargis Janson.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF A NEW DIOCESE WAITING TO ENTER HIS CHURCH FOR ENTHRONEMENT: THE BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD (WITH HIS BACK TO THE CAMERA) AT THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

The ceremony of enthroning the first Bishop of Chelmsford took place in St. Mary's, now Chelmsford Cathedral, on April 23. The Right Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield, the new Bishop, was formerly Vicar of St. James the Less, Bethnal Green.

Photograph by Spalding.

M.P.'S WHO CLIMBED TO THE ROOF OF WESTMINSTER HALL: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR STEPHEN COLLINS, MR. MacCALLUM SCOTT, MR. VEO, SIR WALTER ESSEX, MR. WEDGWOOD BENN, MR. C. H. LYELL, AND MR. J. F. L. BRUNNER.

Some twenty Members of Parliament ascended the other day to the roof of Westminster Hall to examine the ancient oak beams which have been largely eaten into by a little wood-boring insect, and which it has been found necessary to support by steel ties and girders to make the historic building safe. The work will cost about £60,000. *[Photograph by Topical.]*

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TO H.M. THE KING.

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"Not even half-a-crown."
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MUSIC.

THE first week of Grand Opera at Covent Garden has given great satisfaction to all concerned, whether on the stage or in the auditorium. A series of performances most of which were remarkable, enthusiastic audiences, and fine weather—certainly the season opened under very favourable auspices. Every night brought a few singers into prominence. In "La Bohème," Melba, Martinelli, and Miss Rosina Buckman were heard to greatest advantage; in "Das Rheingold," Herren Bender and Sembach; in "Die Walküre," Miss Madge Kay; in "Parsifal," the new Amfortas, Herr Carl von Hulst, and the Gurnemanz, Herr Paul Knupfer. It is still possible to feel that Gurnemanz has a great deal too much to say or to sing. As a conductor, Mr. Albert Coates has won his spurs without delay. His reading of the familiar score of "La Bohème" was marked by his stress upon the note of lyric rapture that is reached now and again by Puccini. Far more exacting was the task of conducting "Parsifal," for Mr. Coates has not been in charge of this opera before, and it demands the highest quality of interpretative insight. Beginning a little nervously, the young conductor soon had the orchestra entirely responsive to his moods, and it must be admitted that the evening's success was due in no small degree to his own. Perhaps the new Kundry is not altogether pleasing; her voice has not the same seductive quality as her acting, but with all the men's parts in such capable hands, Frau Ptolschneider sufficed the house, if she did not thrill it. By the way, should "Parsifal" be treated as though it were a religious service, and not merely a remarkable opera? The silence that followed the first and second acts was quite oppressive.

Nikisch would find it hard to add to the esteem in which he is held by lovers of music in these islands; but if it were possible to add to the laurels he wears at present with such becoming dignity the "Ring" performances would provide the addition. It is not too much to say that he has the lucidity that characterised Richter's well-remembered readings, and that he, like Wagner's more direct disciple, sees the "Ring" operas as a whole. He preserves, too, like Richter, a masterly balance between the stage and the orchestra, never for a moment forgetting the proper claims of either, and he is eminently helpful to the singers. There is something to be added to this—an exquisite feeling for the lyrical side of the music. Seldom is the house thrilled as it was towards the close of the first act of "Die Walküre"; the ordinary opera season can boast few such moments, and they are worth living for.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" is at best an opera of moderate interest, and with the leading tenor partially disabled by a cold, and a newcomer whose voice is of moderate quality as Manon, the occasion hardly took rank with those that preceded it. Mr. Coates showed that he can give as much skilled attention to Puccini as to Wagner. Mme. Bellincioni should do well in "La Tosca"; she has inherited some of her mother's great dramatic gift.

The Beethoven Festival did not, perhaps, succeed in attracting the full measure of patronage expected in the more expensive parts of the house, but it had to contend with performances at Covent Garden that were drawing heavily upon the musical enthusiasts of the Metropolis. One cannot help thinking that from the box-office standpoint autumn would prove better than spring. But of the musical value and interest of Mr. Daniel Mayer's undertaking there can be no two opinions. It was given to those who were faithful to the entire series to trace the growth of a great master, and, in the light of consecutive performances, to enlarge both understanding and appreciation. It is a little difficult to single out the soloists for praise; there were some who did themselves rather less than justice. Mr. Paul Reimers, Herr von Dohnanyi, and Herr Zimbalist, singer, pianist, and violinist, were among the most successful; but the intonation of the last-named was not consistently true, though he played on a night when the orchestra was suffering from the electricity in the air. Considering the magnitude of their task, they deserve hearty congratulation. We hope this is only the first of many Beethoven Festivals at Queen's Hall, and congratulate Mr. Henry Verbrugghen very heartily upon his accomplishment at the conductor's desk.

Photo. Newspaper Illustrations.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE "MANSION HOUSE" OF PARIS: THE SCENE AS THE QUEEN AND MME. POINCARÉ ALIGHTED AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

At the Hôtel de Ville the King and Queen were received by the Prefect of the Seine and the President of the Municipal Council, who each made an eloquent speech, to which the King replied. After this ceremony their Majesties were conducted to the magnificent apartments on the first floor, where the King was presented with a gold cup, in which he drank to the prosperity of Paris; and the Queen with a beautiful silver-framed mirror.

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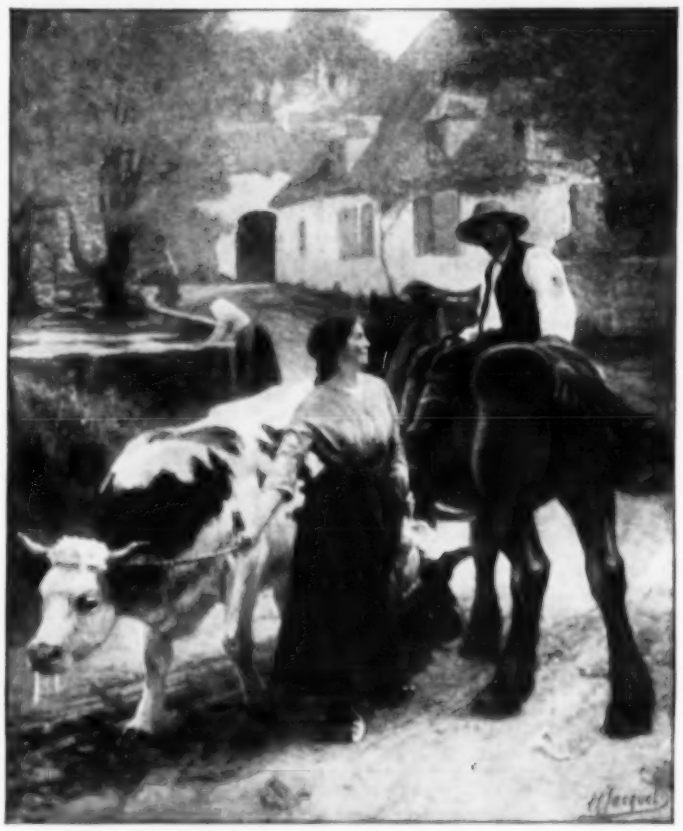

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TABLETS

LADIES' PAGE.

QUEEN MARY, who is unusually well-read, would hardly fail when she entered Paris to remember the last time that a Queen Mary of England arrived in that city. The wife of Charles I. was always called by the English of her own day simply "Queen Mary," though she signed herself as she is now known in history, Henriette Marie, no doubt because she was proud of her great father, Henry of Navarre, King of France, after whom she was named. She was our last French Queen, and though her fate was sad, at least she won and kept her husband's love. Her son, Charles II., came pretty near to marrying a French heiress, his cousin, "La Grande Mademoiselle"; but he lost his chance with her because at a great banquet he disregarded all the delicacies of the French *cuisine* that were spread before him, and devoured some underdone mutton in preference. The delicacy of the French *cuisine* merely reflects the acute sensibility and the consequent supreme artistic taste of the French in all respects. But our Queen Mary is thoroughly English, and her characteristic style of dress, combined with her charming blonde complexion and fair hair, have pleased and interested the French by way of contrast.

Almost every woman who can afford it, of course, has her clothes, or, at any rate, the more *habillées* of her frocks and hats, from Paris; and some of the Parisiennes would dearly have liked Queen Mary to allow herself to be seen patronising the ateliers of the Rue de la Paix. Queen Alexandra used to do so—even her Coronation dress was built in Paris. But Queen Mary is a strong and unfailing supporter of the industries of her own land. As far as the tailor-made costumes are concerned, in which her Majesty so generally appears in the day time, the French dress artistes themselves frankly admit English superiority. Last year, when I paid my spring visit to Paris, I saw the walls adorned with a huge poster issued by some trade union, giving the names of leading Paris dress-houses who employ a large number of English cutters and tailors, and appealing to the patriotism of French women not to patronise these firms because they employ foreign workers. But most women feel too keenly the importance of looking their best to consider anything else but that end in dressing, and since it is agreed that French taste produces the best effects for some garments and English solidity and severity for others, that settles the matter for many.

Of course, the French dress-makers do construct "tailor-made" gowns. But the French artist cannot manage to be severe enough, he must indulge in *les fantaisies*. Just now, plaids are the Parisian tailor's mania. It is always thus in the spring to some extent, but this year, possibly because our Sovereigns represent Scotland also, the mania for *tissus Ecossais* is startling. Imagine a tailor-made dress, for instance, actually seen, in plaid silk, with wide lines of brightest red, yellow, and green, criss-crossing on a royal blue ground, a long tunic, cut in one with the corsage, turned under about the knees, and thence to the feet (that is, well above the ankles, for all such dresses are very short), a series of full flounces, each of these cut out leaf-shaped round the bottom and bound with red. The corsage is cut open in a V in front, and a vest of white silk muslin up to the bust gives the only relief to the too-brilliant scheme. Dice-patterned stuffs, especially in black and white, and big squares like a chess-board, are also much in vogue with the Paris tailors this season. A feature of the French "tailor-mades" is a certain fullness round the top of the skirts or the tunics, which, added to the tightness of the lower portion, gives the effect of a sort of trouser as the wearer walks. In the more dressy gowns, the same effect of fullness round the hips contrasted with tightness at the ankles, is effected as often as not by an actual "pouff" at the top of the back, a gathering of the draperies up to the waist behind in rather ample *bouffant* folds that may well be the beginning of a revival of the bustle. With this menace on the one hand, and on the other wide-edged tunics that seem as if they may herald the crinoline, we need all our good sense and independence to avert some foolish and inconvenient excrescence in the near future.

GRACEFUL DRAPERIES.

The gown is in dove-grey crêpe cloth with sleeves and trimmings of lace, and black satin belt. The hat, made of the new plateau straw, is thrown high by a velvet bandeau, and has an ostrich plume.

Hats need not be very expensive this season, for a pretty and becoming small shape in straw or silk can be purchased, and trimmed adequately for young faces by a simple but very long upright plume of any sort. There is a large choice of hat shapes so dressy in themselves that no more trimming than this is required. The latest whim is a straw that looks as if it had been blackleaded like a fire-grate, or, perhaps, more as if it had been dropped in greasy soup; it is scarcely pretty, yet the glistening effect is not unpleasing, and one of these shapes, small and round with hardly any brim, especially if it be underlined with white straw to come next to the hair, and trimmed with two long spiky Mephistophelean "stick-ups," or, if preferred, with a bunch of black cherries shining like the straw itself, will have a smart effect at modest cost. These varnished straws are all dark, black being most usual; but there are navy blue and golden-brown varnished shapes to be seen. Unless a wealth of ostrich plumes is adopted, a hat is not very much trimmed this season; only the trimming must stick up audaciously.

As a child's welfare and whole future depend on getting the right food, it is a matter for careful consideration. Savory and Moore's Food is an old-established, thoroughly reliable food, that has been used for a great many years with excellent results; one, therefore, that a mother may give her baby with every confidence. The experience of parents, nurses, and medical men proves that infants thrive remarkably well on Savory and Moore's Food, and grow up strong and healthy. A special sample of the Food, and a booklet entitled "The Baby, a Guide for Mothers," may be obtained from the makers, Messrs. Savory and Moore, Chemists to the King, of New Bond Street, London, by sending 3d. in stamps.—FILOMENA.

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A ROMANCE OF THE CALIFORNIAN GOLD RUSH.

THE romance of Forty Nine is, like the soil of California, a mine too long left untouched by the prospector. Bret Harte and Gertrude Atherton have, of course, struck it rich years ago; but how much solid sparkling gold has lain buried until 1914 it has remained for Mr. Stewart Edward White to reveal. His book reproduces the electric atmosphere of the time. The miner in "Gold" (Hodder and Stoughton) is something more than a picturesque type in a red shirt. He is much less simple, and more human. Hope, greed, the spirit of adventure, the restlessness of youth, the infinite credulity of humanity—all these things led the Forty Niners to California. Thousands, as Mr. White reminds us, perished miserably in the deserts; thousands blenched at the hard labour of the pick and the cradle. The men who laid the foundations of their fortune in the gold itself were in the minority. The saloon-keeper and the store-keeper amassed riches; the miners found gold—in plenty—and kept little enough of it. And the great rush was only a part of the passing of Spanish California. The bullying lawlessness of the American—who, being a good Republican, has small respect for the laws made by his own constitution—had to be curbed by a decent minority before "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" became possible for the average citizen. This is all in "Gold," which is a brilliant study of a big subject.

Photography, as a commercial proposition, was practically in its infancy when Messrs. Maull and Fox (originally Maull and Polyblank) first started business at 187, Piccadilly, in 1854. For sixty years they have remained at the same address, a record which probably no other photographers can equal. Examples of the work of this well-known firm have frequently appeared in our pages, and we congratulate them on the celebration of their diamond jubilee. They possess in their archives, of course, many photographs of great historical interest.

At the Bristol International Exhibition, which opens at Ashton Avenue on May 28, it has been arranged that a Parade of Fashions shall take place throughout the whole run of the Exhibition from May to October. There will be a continuous parade of twenty *mannequins*, who will wear the very "last word" in fashions from Paris and Vienna—dainty apparel changed every few days. Mr. Henry Westerborg, who has charge of the arrangements, some time ago organised a successful Fair of Fashions Exhibition in the West End of London. He has made special visits to Paris and Vienna, and he assures visitors to the Bristol Exhibition that his display there will even exceed in brilliance that which he presented in London. He has appointed numerous agents all over the Continent to supply him with the most up-to-date dresses. During the season he will award valuable gold and silver prizes for the *mannequins* and exhibitors.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

R G Healey (Leatherhead).—The correction should be made on another diagram. It is safer to do so.

Jeffery Jenner.—Your amended problem shall be re-examined.

Charles Willing (Philadelphia).—We thank you for your attention and enclosure. You will see we have made use of the latter.

A Newman.—We are obliged for the information, and would be glad to publish some of the games.

P Chandra Banas (Assam, India).—The White Pawn at Q Kt 2nd should stand at Q B 2nd; then 1. Kt to K 2nd.

Solution of Problem No. 3647.—By M. L. Pence.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to K B 3rd	Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3650.—By A. J. Fink.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 3641 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3643 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia), and F Hanstein (Natal); of No. 3644 from C Willing and F Grant (New York); of No. 3645 from C Willing and G Seymour (Malta); of No. 3646 from Jacob Verrall (Rodmell), G Seymour, J B Camara (Madeira), and José Cifuentes (Teruel, Spain); of No. 3647 from J M F (Lausanne), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), José Cifuentes, C Barretto (Madrid), F W Jones (Ruabon), J B Camara, and W Lillie (Marple).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3648 received from W Best (Dorchester), Rev. J Christie, W H Silk (Birmingham), J C Stackhouse (Torquay), L Schlu (Vienna), G Bakker (Rotterdam), R Worters (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J Fowler, J Green (Boulogne), H Grasett Baldwin (Plymouth), F Smart, J Cohn (Berlin), J Dixon, H F Deakin (Fulwood), E W Thomas (Aberystwyth), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), H S Brandreth (Florence), W Dittlof Jansens (Apeldoorn), W Lillie (Marple), J Verrall (Rodmell), J Isaacson (Liverpool), and A H Arthur (Bath).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Chicago in a recent Western Championship Tourney, between Messrs. Becknor and Hahlbohm.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd
6. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd
7. B takes Kt	Q P takes B

Kt P takes B is the correct reply in order to give the Knight a harbour of refuge when White plays 8. P takes P. It will be seen the extrication of this Knight affords a fine development for the opposition.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
8. P takes P	Kt to B 4th
9. Q to K 2nd	B to K 3rd
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
11. P to B 4th	Castles
12. B to Kt 2nd	Q to B sq

Black is already in difficulties, with his game badly blocked in every direction.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
13. Kt to B 3rd	R to Q sq
14. Kt to K 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
15. Q to K 3rd	

In preparation for the offer of the Knight at B 6th, Black's King has to withstand, with practically no assistance, the attack of four formidable pieces.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
15.	Kt to B sq
16. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to R sq

If P takes Kt, 17. P takes P; and with Q to R 6th following, mate is inevitable.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
17. Kt to Kt 5th	B to Q Kt 5th
18. Q to Kt 3rd	B takes R
19. R takes B	R to Q 7th
20. Kt to R 5th	

Threatening Kt takes P (ch), and mate next move. The combination beginning with White's eighteenth move is a very fine one.

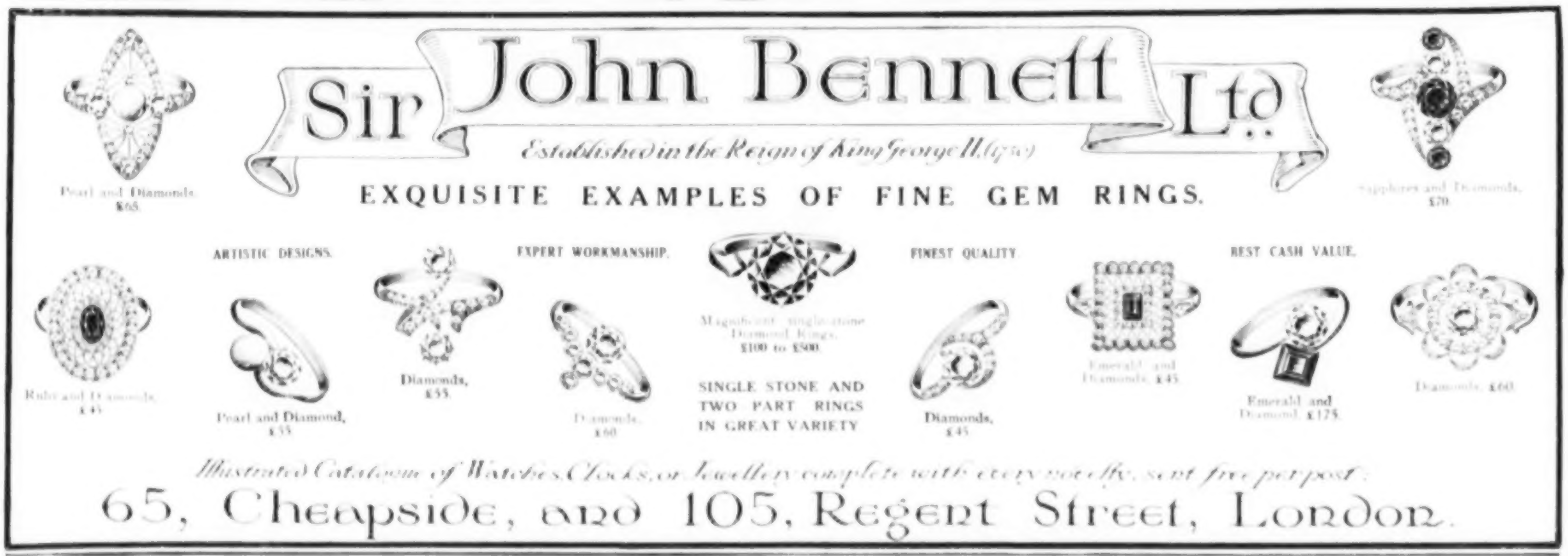
WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
20.	Kt to Kt 3rd
21. B to B 3rd	R to Q 2nd
22. P to B 4th	Q to B sq
23. P to K B 5th	R takes K B P
24. Kt takes Kt P	

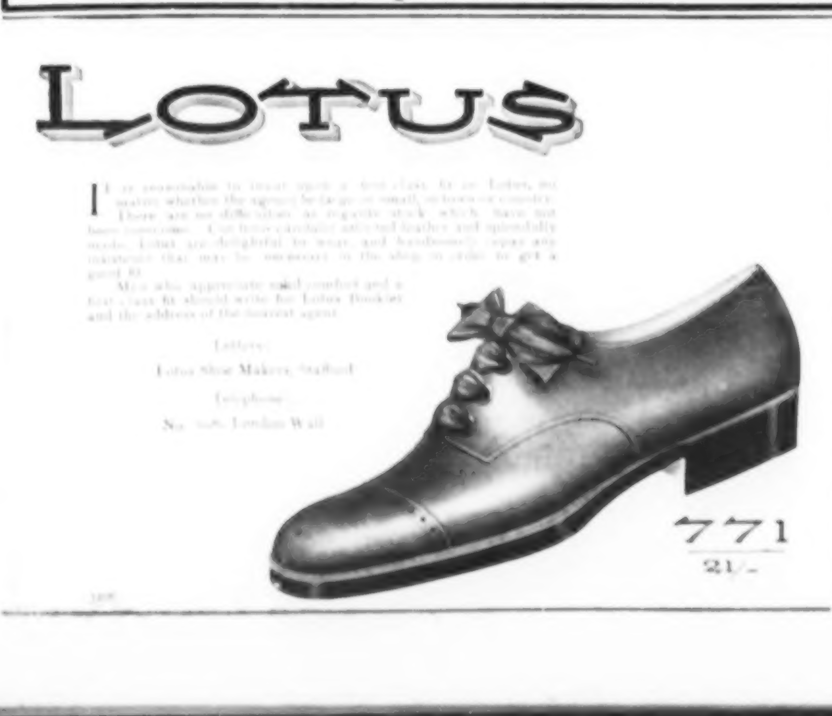
Beautiful play. If now Q takes Kt, 25. P to K 6th, R to Q 5th; 26. P takes P, R to Q 2nd; 27. Q to K 3rd wins. The subsequent moves are brilliant in the extreme.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
24.	R to Q 6th
25. Kt takes B	R takes Q
26. P takes R	K to Kt sq
27. Kt to K 4th	R to Q sq
28. K to B 2nd	Q to R 6th
29. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to R sq
30. R to K R sq	Kt to B sq
31. P to K 6th	R to Q 5th

Black resigns.

Professional and business men sometimes fight shy of hotels of the highest class on account of their high charges and lack of general accommodation for travellers whose minds are immersed in affairs. The management of the new Midland Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, have provided special facilities for such travellers. With a day's notice, say, one can secure a handsome and comfortable bedroom—inclusive of bath—for five shillings, or a room with separate bath-room adjoining for a half-crown or so extra. There is a special inclusive tariff ranging from 12s. 6d. per day. There are Turkish baths on the premises, as well as a swimming-bath, tennis and racquet courts, and a miniature rifle-range. The excellent billiard-rooms, the direct telephone service from a visitor's room to all parts of Great Britain and even to the Continent, the sound-proof doors to all living-rooms and bedrooms, are advantages which will be appreciated.





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HOW TO KILL AND DISSOLVE OUT ROOTS AND ALL.

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By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists. Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to be rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who may use this process which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means for restoring life to hair roots thus affected.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous hair by this remarkable process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use, to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1002A), 171, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.

A Delicious Cup of Cocoa

Made in a Moment.

Take a teaspoonful of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk, mix to a smooth paste with a little hot water, add boiling water as required, and you have in a moment a delicious cup of Cocoa, nourishing and sustaining—in fact, a meal in itself.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk is an excellent thing for the brain-worker, for those who suffer from "nerves" or insomnia, and for the busy man or woman who is obliged at times to forego a regular meal and yet requires something sustaining in the meantime.

But perhaps its most valuable property is that it is very easily digested and can be taken without the least discomfort even by those who have to diet themselves with care and are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

TESTIMONY. "I have used your Cocoa and Milk and consider it a most excellent preparation, very agreeable in flavour, and superior to tea, especially when taken in the afternoon by those whose digestions are weak."

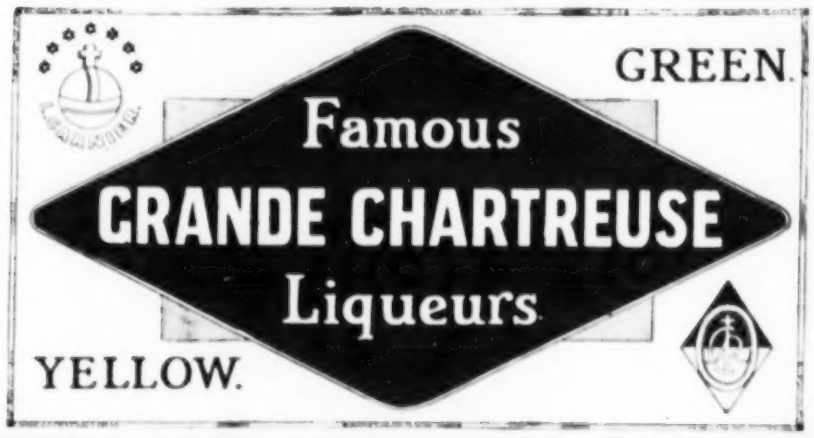
"Your Cocoa and Milk seems so far to agree with me. I have tried all other cocoas with more or less headache, and have been forced from a very pleasant nourishing drink. I hope to continue your make."

This is for all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3d POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return post free for 3d. Mention *The Illustrated London News*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond St., London.

SAVORY & MOORE'S COCOA AND MILK



CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

ADELBODEN — ALVADA PALACE

BADEN-BADEN. HOTEL BELLEVUE.

BADEN-BADEN. HOTEL ZAHRINGER HOF.

BRISSAGO. The Pearl of LAGO MAGGIORE. GRAND HOTEL.

FREIBURG (Black Forest). ZAHRINGER HOF.

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER

WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.

ARE EFFECTIVE, AND REQUIRE NO SKILL TO USE.

For Very Bold Curls use "IMPERIAL" CURLERS.

12 CURLERS IN BOX.

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c.

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HIMROD'S CURE for ASTHMA

Over 50 years ago the late Lord Beaconsfield testified to the benefits he received from HIMRODS CURE, and every post brings similar letters to-day.

FREE SAMPLE and Booklet

HERALDIC STAINED GLASS WINDOWS

Designed and Executed.

Armorial Bearings Painted on Wood & Stone. Memorial Brasses and Tablets. Book Plates, Crests engraved in the Photo Process from Sketches.

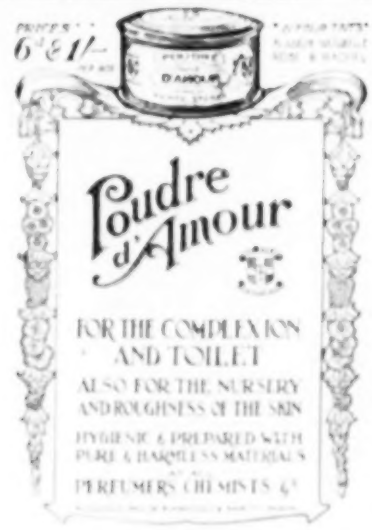
Heraldry, English and Foreign. Armorial Shields, Wood or Metal.

CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.

DR ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND OINTMENT

The Oldest Proprietary HEALING OINTMENT for ALL WOUNDS and CHRONIC SKIN DISEASES. An Ideal Toilet Cream.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 2/9, 4/6, or post free for stamps from BEACH & BARNICOTT, Ltd., Bridport, Dorset, England.



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1,000 feet above sea level, charmingly situated, surrounded by mountains and splendid forests. The capital spring German Spa pronounced owing to its special advantages as a health resort for all suffering from Kidney and Bladder trouble, Gravel, Gout, Calculus and loss of Albumen.—14,664 visitors in 1913.

ROYAL BATH HOTEL, and twelve first-class Hotels.

THE FINEST GOLF LINKS ON THE CONTINENT.

Theatre, Tennis, Shooting, Orchestral Band, Dancing.

SEASON MAY TO OCTOBER.

For home treatment the waters can be obtained from Deacon & Boyer, 35, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.

Descriptive "Wildungen" Booklet will be sent post free upon application to the

WILDUNGEN ENQUIRY OFFICES, 23, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

Bad-Nauheim in the Taunus, Germany.

1913: 35 PHYSICIANS, 33,000 VISITORS, 480,000 BATHS GIVEN.

Season: April 16 to October 15. Drinking Cure and Baths to be had the whole year round.

Famous throughout the World for the health-restoring properties of its mineral springs in the treatment of Diseases of the Heart, Rheumatism, Gout, Spinal and Nervous Diseases, female Ailments, Scrofula.

Magnificent Park close by the Taunus woods. Excellent Climate. Beautiful Walks. Plenty of Amusements. Golf. Tennis. Croquet.

For prospectus apply to "Geschaeftszimmer Kurhaus," Bad-Nauheim, or to the London Enquiry Office, 23, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS

THE will (dated Oct. 22, 1905) of LORD WIMBORNE, of Canford Manor, Wimborne, who died on Feb. 22, is proved by Baroness Wimborne, the widow, the value of the estate being £250,000, so far as can at present be ascertained. The testator gives everything he may die possessed of to his wife, saying: "I thank God that He has given me a wife so sweet, so loving, and so capable."

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1901) of VISCOUNT CROSS, of Eccle Riggs, Eaves, and 12, Warwick Square, who died on Jan. 8, is now proved, and the value of the estate sworn at £91,617. All the letters received from Queen Victoria, members of the Royal Family, the Viceroy of India, and the Governors of Madras and Bombay, are not to be published, but they and the books, pictures, prints, etc., given to him by Queen Victoria, his decorations and Orders, and his Peer's coronet and robe, and a sum of £40,000 are to be held in trust to go with the title. He gave £5000 to his daughter the Hon. Mary Dorothea Cross; £3000 each to his children the Hons. John Edward Cross, Charles Francis Cross, Georgiana Harriet Bowyer, and Anne Margaret Dawson, these sums to be in addition to what they will receive under settlement; and the income of his daughter-in-law Mary Cross, widow of his eldest son, is to be made up to £600 a year. The Eccle Riggs estate he settled on his grandson Richard, now second Lord Cross, and gave to him the residue of the property.

The will (dated July 12, 1907) of MR. FREDERICK BURTON, of Hopefield, Pendleton, and Gwaynynog, Denbigh, who died on Dec. 25, is proved by John Frederick Burton and Arthur Burton, sons, and Wm. Henry Adolphus Gaddum, the value of the real and personal estate being £772,523. The testator gives £50,000 to his daughter Harriet Alice Bowen Davies; £2000 to the Salford Royal Hospital; £1000 each to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, and St. Mary's Hospital; £500 to the Denbigh Infirmary; legacies to servants; and the residue to his two sons.

LA REINE AND MADAME LA PRÉSIDENTE: QUEEN MARY AND MME. POINCARÉ LEAVING AFTER THE VISIT TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

The will of MR. SEPTIMUS BROCKLEHURST, of Olinda, Sefton Park, Liverpool, who died on Feb. 22, is proved by the Public Trustee, the gross value of the estate being £347,222 0s. 5d. He gives £2000 each to the Clerks' and Tradesmen's Fund connected with the Liverpool Merchants' Guild, the Homes for Aged Mariners, Egremont, the Seamen's Orphan Institution, the Diocesan Benefices Augmentation Fund, the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, and the Sons of the Clergy Corporation; £1000 each to the Royal County Hospital for Children, Heswall, the Children's Convalescent Home, West Kirby, the Liverpool Cathedral Fund, the Convalescent Institution, Woolton, St. Paul's Eye Hospital, the Seamen's Pension Fund, Margaret Ismay's Widows' Fund, the Lancashire (Navy League) and National Sea Training Home for Poor Boys, Liscard, the Diocesan Clergy Sustentation Fund, the Church of England Scripture Readers' Society, the Mersey Mission to Seamen, the Diocesan Church Building Society, St. John's Foundation Schools, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, and the Clergy Orphan Corporation; £40,000 in trust for his wife; £60,000 in trust for his son; £15,000 in trust for his grandson Gerald L. C. Brocklehurst; other legacies; and the residue to the children of his brother Robert.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1914) of SIR FREDERICK JAMES MIRRIELEES, K.C.M.G., of Pasture Wood, Abinger, who died on Jan. 27, is proved by Frederick Donald Mirrielees, son, and James H. Gray, the value of the estate being £143,888 1s. 11d. Subject to a legacy of £250 to Mr. Gray, the whole of the property goes to his wife.

POWER BEHIND THE ENTENTE CORDIALE: THE FAMOUS FRENCH ARTILLERY PASSING BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE REVIEW AT VINCENNES.

At the great military review at Vincennes in honour of the King and Queen, on April 22, the march-past of the troops occupied some forty minutes. Shouts of "Vive l'Armée!" were raised as the forty-eight guns of the artillery passed before the royal visitors. After the review their Majesties, with the President and Mme. Poincaré, visited the Hotel de Ville.

Votes for Biomalz:

Dr. S . . . . . :
I have used the samples of Biomalz which I find an excellent means of increasing physical energy and improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of appetite, and increase of body weight.

Dr. W. . . . . :
My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy, blooming appearance of the complexion.

Nurse E. S . . . . . :
In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I have found more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual pallor I have lately taken Biomalz myself, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "Whatever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 2 lb per week during a month's treatment.

Nurse Fri . . . S . . . . :
I can speak from personal experience of the good results of Biomalz. Although I have taken only four tins so far, I am energy personified, in spite of my trying occupation.

Mrs. D . . . . . (Doctor's Wife):
After five tins of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite with consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

Mrs. B. . . . . Professor's Wife:
I have taken one large and three small tins of Biomalz, and feel as energetic as in former years. Sleep and appetite are excellent, and my complexion is fresher and more youthful than for many years.

Indeed: There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength, and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious than that excellent

Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anæmic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This Food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness, or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anæmic children.

Small and large tins at 1/3 and 2/3, sold by all Chemists. Insist on having "BIOMALZ."

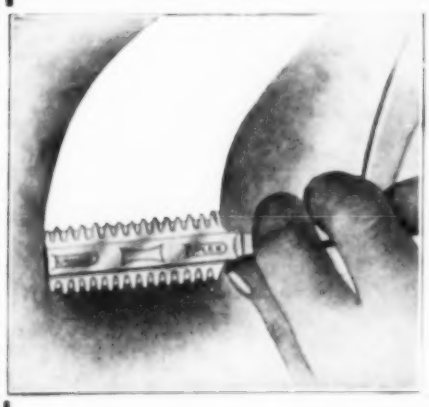
Free Sample of Biomalz sent on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage, &c., by

PATERMANN BROS., 10, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

THE **PLEASURE** YOU DERIVE FROM YOUR AFTER-DINNER SMOKE CAN ALSO BE **REALISED IN SHAVING** BUT ONLY WITH A

DURHAM-DUPLEX

RAZOR SAFETY.



BECAUSE

IT IS THE ONLY RAZOR THAT ADMITS OF THE **CORRECT DIAGONAL STROKE**—THE BARBER'S STROKE—IN PERFECT SAFETY.

FLAT USE ENABLES EVEN THE NOVICE TO MAKE SWEEPING CURVING STROKES WITH **BOLDNESS AND EASY ASSURANCE.**

The BLADES—The **"SOUL OF THE RAZOR"**—are Substantial, Double-Edged, Hollow-Ground, and can be STROPPED ON ANY STROP.

COMPLETE OUTFITS COST 10/6 OR 21/-

but first prove what we assert by getting a DEMONSTRATOR RAZOR and BLADE TO TEST for 2/6, which is returnable if exchanged for Complete Outfit.

SECURE YOURS TO-DAY. Booklet, etc., free from DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., LTD., 256, CHURCH STREET, SHEFFIELD.

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62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

And 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

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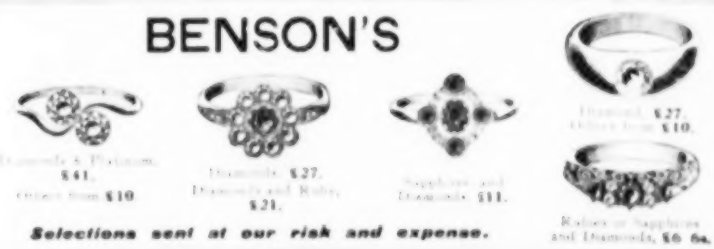

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You can't see our Boots, but they're **'K'** of course!

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OF 'K' AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
For nearest Agent send postcard to 'K' Boot Manufacturers, Kendal.

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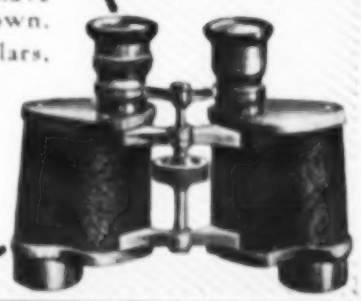
Goerz Trieder Binoculars are not simply prism binoculars but have a distinction entirely their own. While smaller than other binoculars, their field of view is larger, the definition crisper, the illumination better. They give a stereoscopic effect.



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MR. PERCY GRAINGER says:

CRAMER PIANOS

HAVE "AN IDEAL TONE."

A Cramer Piano can be purchased for 30 Guineas and upwards.

By Appointment to H.M. the King

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

WITH A CHARACTER OF ITS OWN—TRY IT

Age guaranteed by Canadian Government

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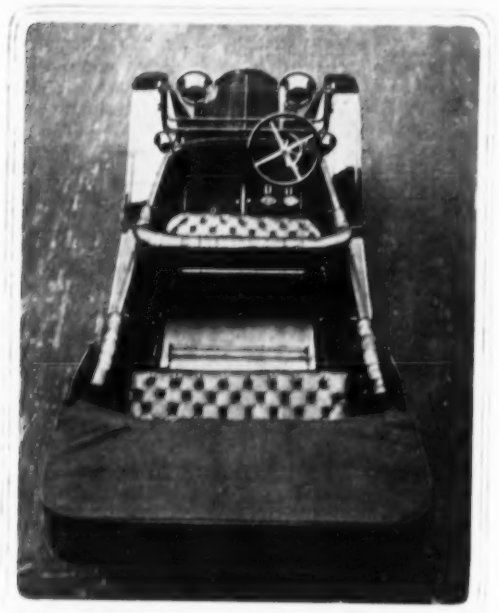
London Office 20 Cockspur Street S.W.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Road Board and Highway Administration.

Since the motorist is being taxed, directly and indirectly, to a higher extent than any other class of the community for the upkeep of the roads, it is only natural that his views should have at least some weight in the matter of their administration. I have no doubt that when the time comes for the introduction of the Government measure promised, which is to bring the main roads more directly under State control, the motoring organisations will make their voices heard, in and out of Parliament, but it will be very necessary that they should have behind them the whole weight of motoring opinion if their views are to be received with due regard. In order that the necessary volume of opinion should be created, it is first of all necessary that the general body of motorists should be kept abreast of what is being done in the matter. In an appendix to the recently issued Report of the Departmental Committee on Imperial and Local Taxation, there appears a digest of the evidence of Sir George Gibb, the Chairman of the Road Board, which is well worthy of attention. Let me say at once that if Sir George really meant what the appendix represents him as meaning, then his views are not likely to meet with the approval of those road-users—mainly motorists, it is true—who have given any serious thought to the problem of the roads. Briefly, he thinks that the best thing to be done is to classify the roads according to their importance. That is good enough in its way—in fact, it is necessary. The main roads, he seems to think, should be maintained partly out of imperial and partly out of local funds, the Exchequer contributions being handled by a central body which is evidently to be, in his view, a sort of glorified Road Board. That is not so good. I have the greatest admiration for the Road Board and for the work it has done under difficult circumstances, but at the same time it can only be regarded as a stop-gap sort of body, doing useful work until such time as something like real order and organisation are evolved out of the existing chaos of our highway system.

No central body with attenuated powers, such as Sir George appears to advocate, will work any permanent good. What is wanted is a real central Highways Authority; another great Department of State, in fact, analogous to the French Ministry of Ways and Communications, is what must be aimed at—a body which has absolute administrative control of all trunk roads and arterial highways. Anything less would hardly improve matters at all. We have already seen what an amount of heartburning and bickering can arise out of such half-measures as the Road Board itself is limited to; and merely to extend the dole system of making grants in aid of highway improvement and maintenance would not help us out of the present unsatisfactory position at all.

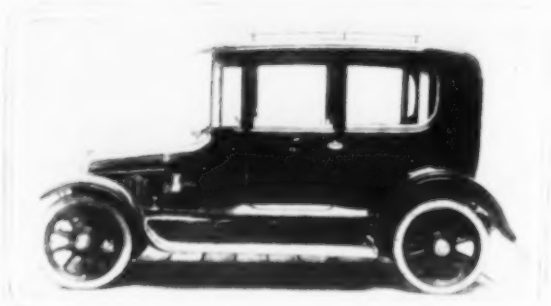


SHOWING ITS AMPLE ACCOMMODATION FOR FIVE PASSENGERS: THE INTERIOR OF AN OVERLAND CAR.

The photograph shows the adjustable foot-rest, the rug-rail, and the wide door's opening forward, also the door on the driver's side.

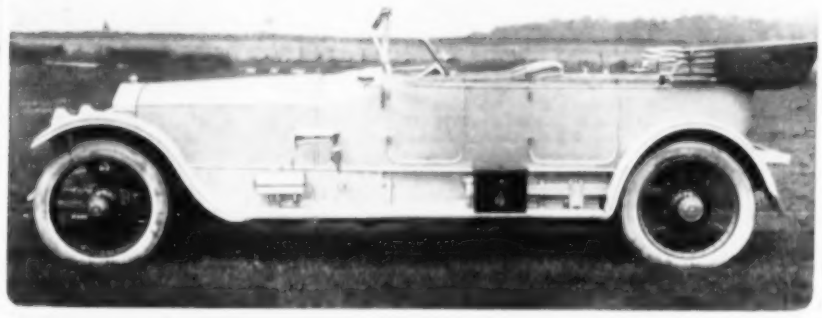
Synthetic Rubber Again.

I hear that a private Company has actually been formed to exploit the manufacture of synthetic rubber, and that works are to be built for the purpose at Handforth, in Lancashire. The Company is said to possess the right to manufacture by a new process, for which it is claimed that rubber equal to the highest grade of natural rubber can be produced in quantities at a much lower price than that at which the true rubber can be grown under the most favourable circumstances. We have heard so much, at one time and another, of rubber evolved by synthesis that one cannot help feeling a little dubious of accepting such claims until practical demonstration of their worth has been given. However, the capital for the new enterprise has been found by a number of prominent Lancashire business men, which is of itself a guarantee that there is something in it. It is to be hoped that there is, for one effect of the cheap



A HANDSOME BODY ON A SMALL CHASSIS: A 10-H.P. AUSTIN FITTED WITH A SINGLE-ENTRANCE SALOON.

The panels of the car, which is one recently supplied to a Derbyshire motorist, are of aluminium, and the seats of the folding and sliding type. It is a work of art to fit a body of this character to so small a chassis.



BY A FAMOUS NORWICH FIRM OF BODY-BUILDERS: A HANDSOME EXAMPLE OF COACH-WORK BY MESSRS. MANN, EGERTON.

20/24 h.p. "D" Front Landaulette.

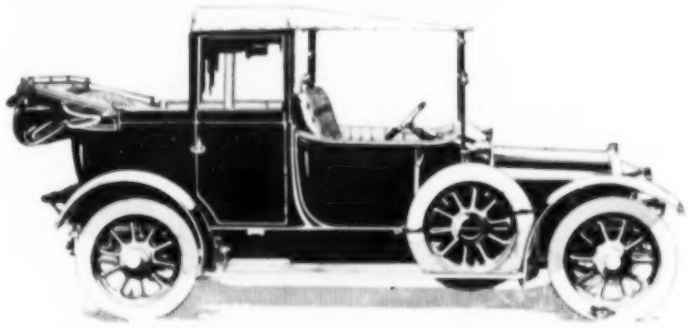
THE Arrol-Johnston Landaulette is the car par excellence for the many occasions when an elegant, comfortable conveyance is in demand.

THE product of a £100,000 Factory, and with high-grade coach-work mounted on a sweetly silent PROVEN chassis, the car is yet sold at a moderate figure, because *the money spent goes into the Cars.*

BRIEF Specification: To seat six, including driver, and fitted with 4-cylinder Engine (91 x 140 m/m), 820 x 120 m/m Grooved Dunlop Covers, Detachable Steel Wheels, Spare Wheel with Tyre, Electric Engine Starter, Electric Lamps, Horn, Electric Rear Light, etc., price £580.

ARROL-JOHNSTON, LTD., DUMFRIES.

London Agents—LONG ACRE MOTOR CO., LTD., 127, Long Acre, W.C.



A FINE CAR for TOURING
The 20 h.p. St. LEGER CABRIOLET

ON 10 ft. wheelbase Austin chassis is a desirable vehicle in all respects. The "head" mechanism is simple in operation and combines lightness, rigidity, and strength. The carriage can be used in three positions, namely—fully opened, with the rear of head back, or fully enclosed. Equipment includes frameless windows with special winding gear and two "emergency" chairs. Chassis, equipped with detachable wheels with one spare (with studded tyre), 815 x 105 studded Dunlop tyres to rear and grooved to front. Head lamps, side and tail lamps. Valances and full kit of tools. Ready for the road. At the inclusive price of **£728**

Austin

Chassis with tyres and detachable wheels	
10 h.p.	£260
20 h.p.	£375
30 h.p.	£550
Delivery at Works	

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY (1914), LD.
LONGBRIDGE WORKS, NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM.
London: 479 to 483, Oxford St. (near Marble Arch), W.
Also at Paris, Manchester, and Norwich.

SESSEL PEARLS

are perfect reproductions. Made by a secret process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest Oriental pearls. No pearl will stand more tests than ours, and we offer one hundred guineas to anyone who will show us a more perfect duplicate of the real pearl. Higher prices elsewhere do not mean that you can get a better reproduction; they simply mean more profit.

Brochure No. 3 on request post free. Special attention paid to post orders.

Beautiful Chain of "Sessel" Pearls with Plain Gold Clasp £4 4 0
Ditto, Diamond Clasp, with "Sessel" Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire or Ruby Centre, from £2 2 0
"Sessel" Pearl Rings, Studs, Earrings, Scarf pins, in Gold Mountings ..... from £1 10 0

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This world famous preparation quickly removes sunburn, tan, freckles, redness, roughness, pimples, eruptions, and other disorders of the skin. It protects it from the injurious effects of cold winds and hard water, and will keep the skin in perfect condition all the year round. Rowland & Sons, 67, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Sold by stores and chemists. Bottles, 4/- and 6/-.

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CROUP

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal medicine.

ROCHE'S Herbal Embrocation

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BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO, AND RHEUMATISM.

Price 4/- Of all Chemists.

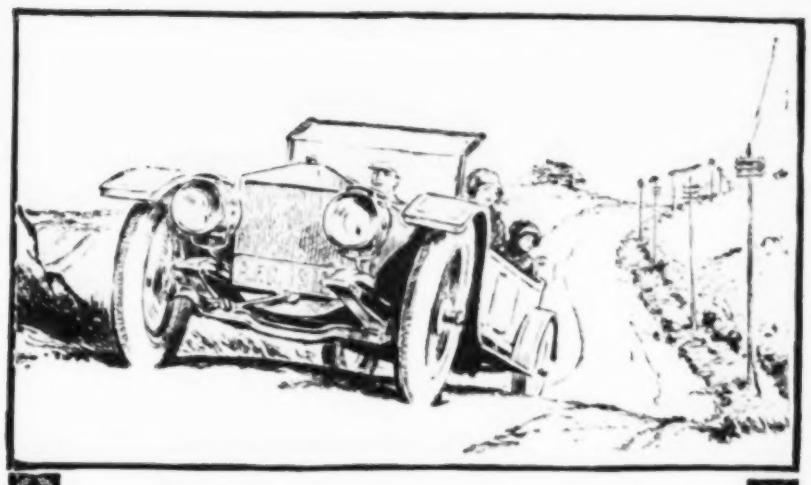
London: Edwards & Co., James Cocks & Co., Hammond, Lamplough & Co., Ltd., 33, Farringdon St. New York: Fougera & Co., 90, Beekman St. Paris: Rodiaux & Co., 6, Rue de la Paix.

THE GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA.

is the most fashionable and up-to-date Hotel of the Austrian Capital, near the Imperial Opera, Museums, etc.

Remodelled throughout, 1912. Magnificent new Annexe.

300 Rooms, 100 Private Bathrooms. Telephone in all Rooms. Orchestra plays afternoon and evening.



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GOODRICH
SAFETY TREAD

Skidding has always been the skeleton in the motorist's cupboard, of which every greasy patch of road, every sudden swerve or forced stop is liable to turn the key.

The Goodrich Safety Tread changes all this. To all but reckless men it bangs, bolts, and bars the door to danger. Where a skid lies dormant it keeps it dormant. It transmits safety by forming a safety track. It grips harder on a greater range of surfaces than any other tyre, and does this without such corresponding disadvantages as loss of speed, increase of weight or cost.

This claim is demonstrable on every road in Great Britain, and we ask all motorists to put it to a personal test. Size, weight, or type of car is quite immaterial. Whatever or wherever you drive you will find safety, and not safety alone, but

More Mileage than any Other Tyre.

Write for Booklet, "Skidding" to

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SAFETY FIRST

the safety track

The tough rubber fingers of the Safety Tread take hold on the first symptom of a skid. They get right down to the bed of the road and *grip*. They make the brake effective because they stop the skid before it starts. The car is compelled to obey the will of the man at the wheel.

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"OF GAS ENGINE FAME."

The car which has consistently proved its superiority over other cars under the stress of open competitions, will just as consistently prove its superiority in everyday use upon the road.

CHASSIS PRICE WITH TYRES:

15 h.p., £355. 20-25 h.p., £475.

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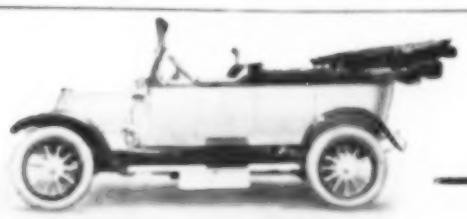

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The **ADLER,** fitted with the **MORGAN** New Patent

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Can be used fully open (as illustrated), as a three-quarter landaulette, or entirely closed. The desired changes can be made instantly, without exertion, and single-handed.

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The New 9 h.p. 4-cyl.
MORGAN - ADLER CARETTE.

Complete with Morgan 2-seat body hood, five lamps, screen, tools. **100 GUINEAS**
"The Perfect Miniature Motor."

WINNER of the CUP
London - Land's End Run, April, 1914.

(Continued.)

production of synthetic rubber of such a quality as that claimed for this would certainly be to cheapen tyres. There is, however, always this to be borne in mind, that even if "real" rubber can be artificially produced, it does not follow that it would be of a kind suitable for motor-tyres. So far, no synthetic process has been able to produce a rubber with exactly the same qualities as the natural product. Nature, the greatest of all chemists, appears to work by elusive processes that baffle artificial reproduction.

A Great Concern. If one really wants to gather a proper idea of the enormous growth of automobilism as represented by the development of the business side, I think there are better object-lessons available in the provinces than in London. This is mainly to be accounted for by the fact that in the large provincial cities the business has usually grown up around one, or at most two or three firms who came early into the industry and have thus developed with it. One day last week a large party of Pressmen and others were taken down to Norwich to see the latest extensions of the works and show-rooms of Messrs. Mann, Egerton, and Co., and a more wonderful example of growth it would be hard to find in the whole of the motor trade. I can remember the firm when it was a very small affair indeed. In 1901 the whole of its enterprise was accommodated by a little more than 900 square feet of floor space. What we were shown last week extended over something more than 120,000 square feet. In 1901 the staff consisted of two—now the firm's employees number well over 500. Apart from these extensions, the firm has overflowed from Norwich, as it were, and now has depots in London, Bury St. Edmunds, and Ipswich. From these brief facts it will be seen that the business deserves the description of great—in fact, I do not think I am far wrong in saying that it is among the first two or three of its kind in the kingdom. To me the interest is more outside the firm than in, if I may put it that way. Of course, it goes without saying that nothing but the strictest commercial integrity and the closest attention to the wishes of clients will avail to build up such a business as this has become, but the growth is even more eloquent of the development of the movement itself than of the firm. It is a real object-lesson in the hold that motoring has obtained over the community, and of the manner in which it has permeated our everyday life. In the face of such developments, it is difficult to believe that it is not yet eighteen years since the use of the motor vehicle was legalised on British roads.

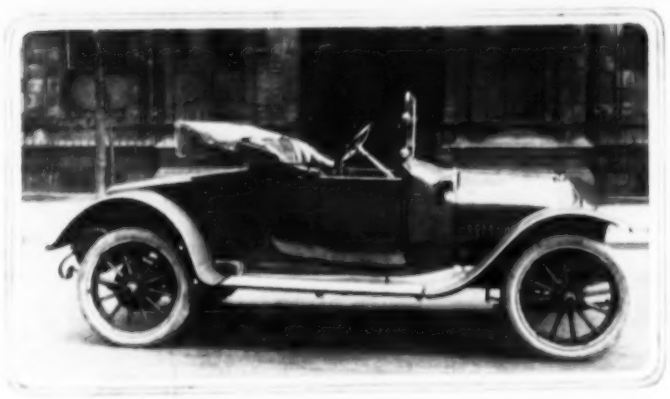
A MOTOR EXHIBITION IN THE OPEN AT THE CAPE: TWO FOY STEELE CARS AT THE ANNUAL ROSEBANK SHOW.

Messrs. Jarrott, of 24-27, Orchard Street, have the sole selling rights of Foy Steele cars, which are very popular in the Colonies. The photograph, recently received from Messrs. Jelks and Hugo, of Cape Town, shows a four-seater and a two-seater.

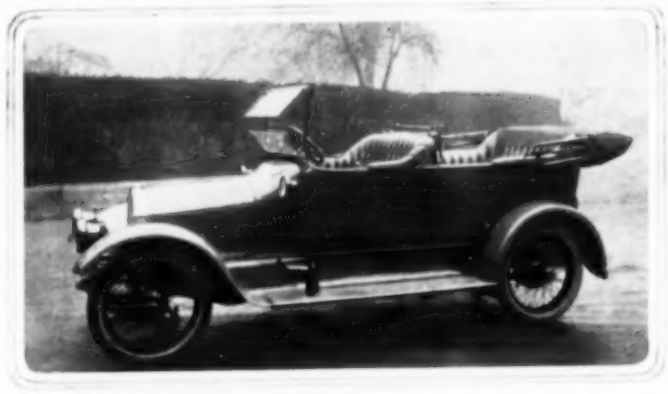
More Michelin Maps. The Michelin Tyre Company have sent me a number of their sectioned road maps of the United Kingdom, to which I made a passing reference a short while ago. They are on a scale of 3.15 miles to the inch—a scale which enables all the necessary information that can be conveyed by means of a map to be given with clarity and effect, while it does not make the sections so large as to be unwieldy for use in the car. They are exceedingly well done, and are well up amongst the best of the road-maps extant. They are published by the Michelin Company at one shilling for each section on paper, and at two shillings mounted on canvas.

Dunlop Tyres in the London-Land's End Trial. Exactly one half of the gold medals—five out of ten—awarded in the recent London-Land's End and back trial were obtained by users of Dunlop tyres fitted to light cars. The two Humberettes driven by Messrs. S. Wright and B. Hill, L. Martin's Singer, S. G. Glikstein's Swift, and G. E. Pigott driving a Morris-Oxford, were the successful competitors. Three silver medals were also secured on Dunlops, these being awarded to P. D. Walker (H. and S.), R. Duncan (Hillman), and C. F. Halsall (Wilton). Not at all a bad record.

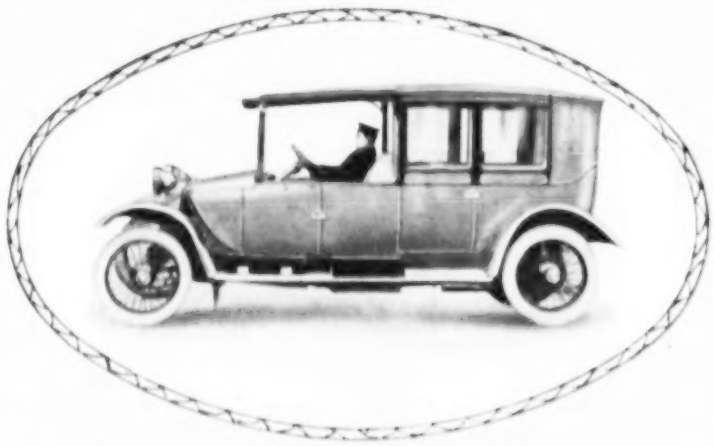
W. WHITTALL.



A TWO-SEATER OF PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE DESIGN: A 15-20-H.P. OAKLAND CAR.



WITH BODY BY THE FIRM'S MANCHESTER WORKS: A 17-25-H.P. ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH TOURING-CAR.



THE Lanchester engine position economises space and enables the carriage body to be roomy, with the seating well forward where the springing is most effective.

The passengers are accommodated comfortably, while the short wheel base, silent gear, and perfect control enable the car to be manœuvred with unusual facility.

Lanchester

BIRMINGHAM: Armourer Mills. LONDON: 95, New Bond Street. MANCHESTER: 88, Deansgate.

The Comfort & Cleanliness of Electric Light may now be enjoyed in every Country House, Hotel, Convalescent Home, &c.

COPY OF LETTER RECENTLY RECEIVED:

Royal West of England Sanatorium, Weston-super-Mare.
6th April, 1914.

Messrs. R. A. Lister & Co., Ltd., Dursley, Glos.

Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in stating that the "Lister-Bruston" Automatic Installation of Electric Lighting Plant is proving very satisfactory.

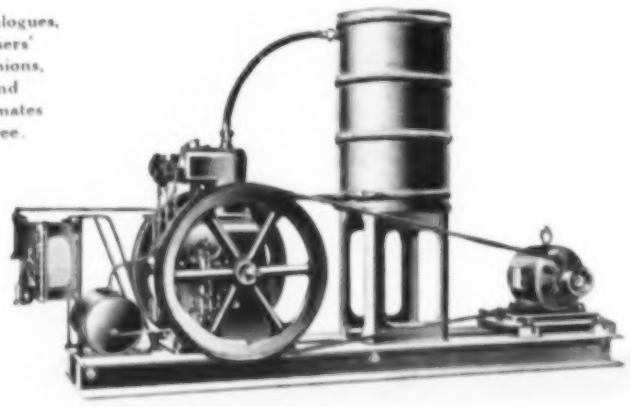
We obtain a very steady light of remarkably good quality, and you did not exaggerate in any way when you laid emphasis on the small amount of attention your engines require, which is given quite satisfactorily by the gardener you were good enough to have in your shops for three weeks.

We were, I think, one of the first to instal two engines working interchangeably, and you will be glad to know that both engines run satisfactorily; the automatic starting up and changing over from one to the other, according to load, being done many times in the course of an hour.

In an institution of this size you will readily understand that a great strain is put on the engines—light being switched on and off equally in various parts continuously—and so readily do your engines respond that we use our light with as great confidence as if we drew from the Town supply.

I am, Yours faithfully,
EDITH MAWE,
Hon. Lady Superintendent.

Catalogues, Users' Opinions, and Estimates Free.



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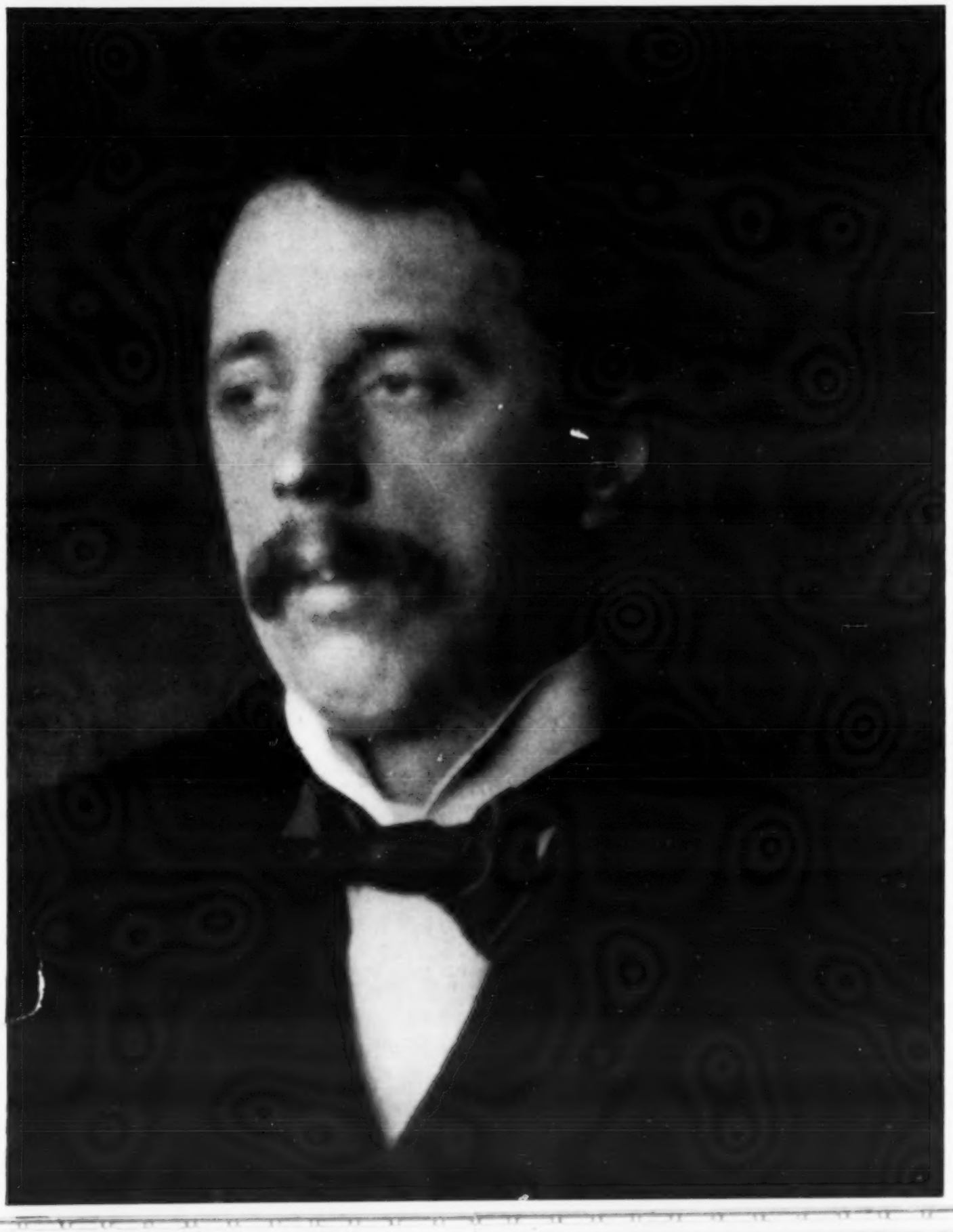
LONDON: Published Weekly at the Office, 172, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, aforesaid; and Printed by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, W.C.—SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1914. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1914.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Literary Supplement for May.



A GALLERY OF GREAT WRITERS: No. II.—MR. ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, so well known as a novelist and playwright, started his literary career as a journalist. In 1893 he abandoned the law to take up the assistant-editorship of "Woman," succeeding, later, to the editorial chair of that journal. Mr. Bennett also did a considerable amount of reviewing; his first contribution in book-criticism being published in "The Illustrated London News." In 1900 he gave up journalism to devote himself exclusively to the writing of books; and since 1908 has added play-writing to his literary achievements. He is universally known for his novels about the Five Towns, the Pottery District where he spent his early youth. Of late he has been a most successful playwright—his most notable plays being "Milestones" (written in collaboration with Edward Knoblauch) and "The Great Adventure."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN.

GENERAL LITERATURE

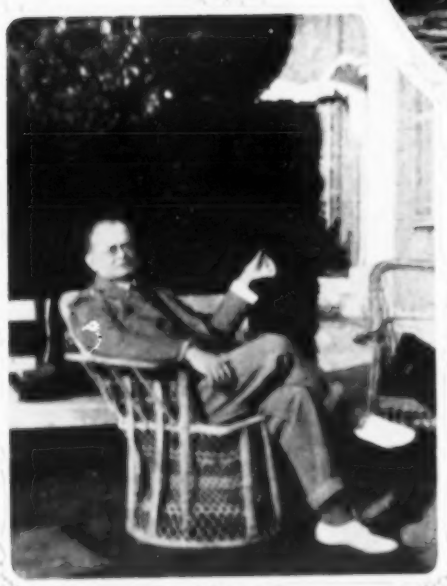
A POT-POURRI OF GOOD BOOKS.

THERE is one sense at least in which Mr. R. Caton Woodville's volume, "Random Recollections" (Eveleigh Nash), is well entitled. His reminiscences are not exhaustive. We have a feeling, as we read them, that as many and more are in keeping where these came from—and, indeed, Mr. Woodville ends on a note of promise that others will be forthcoming. Random, also, they are in their gay, one might almost say rattling, manner. The material is always the stirring experiences of life. Adventures are to the adventurous. Nearly forty years ago the author was a student of the Royal Academy of Dusseldorf, and having some of the jolliest days of his life. Eight or nine years later, Mr. Dudley Hardy was studying in Dusseldorf, and found his compatriot's memory as green there as if he had just left it. Of these wild, jolly times—of which, he says, he could write volumes—Mr. Woodville supplies discreet glimpses. His artistic career furnishes a few only of his chapters. In that on "Some Pictures I have Painted" he mentions that "Saving the Guns at Maiwand," now in the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, was done when he had a smashed ankle, with an open wound right through it, and had to sit sideways on a dining-room table, his leg extended, his body turned to the left, in an excruciatingly tiring position. Apropos an experience of his own, he tells a story he had from Carlo Pellegrini ("Ape"), to whom a lady had been sitting for her portrait. "Look here, Signor Pellegrini," she said to him, "I have sat to you now for some days and you have not even kissed me!" "Madame," answered the painter, "what do you take me for? I am a bachelor." Albania and Montenegro after the Russo-Turkish War, Egypt when Arabi Pasha was a prisoner in Cairo, India with the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Morocco, the Karpathians, Algeria, and the sport in each, are the subjects of other chapters. And about all of them not a dull line.

MR. R. CATON WOODVILLE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," WHO HAS WRITTEN HIS REMINISCENCES.

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL MEXICO," MR. HAMILTON FYFE.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR, WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE JUDGMENT OF EVE," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED BY HUTCHINSON.



AUTHOR OF "ON MONEY AND OTHER ESSAYS," MR. G. S. STREET, JOINT EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

MRS. C. W. EARLE, THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER UPON GARDENING, IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

We may occasionally feel that in his latest volume Mr. G. S. Street is breaking a butterfly upon a wheel, but everything is fit game for an essayist. In "ON MONEY AND OTHER ESSAYS" (*Constable*) Mr. Street is versatile, as usual. He talks "of cabbages and kings" with equal fluency and felicity; and whether he is complaining of being rooked by a sharper, or discoursing of his experiences on a race-course, or waiting on the telephone—of the "menacing ugliness" of which he complains—he is always a good-natured cynic, a man who may be bored or irritated, but has learned to be tolerant. A man of the world and of culture, his essays are wise as well as witty. Whether he is writing of "dear" people or of "dreadful" people, he succeeds in amusing and interesting us; his style is commendably free from both "slush" and "gush," and his latest volume is a capital companion for a holiday.

As the eyes of the world are turned upon Mexico, for financial and political reasons, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's volume, "THE REAL MEXICO" (*Heinemann*), is of a topical nature. It is colloquial, but the personality of view adds to its interest. We gather that extremes of conflicting opinions obtain in that country; that to some General Carranza is a "brigand," while to others he is a man of dignity and power. We get word-pictures of people and places: Mexico City is like a pretty woman dressed with charm and taste, but with "nothing save her looks to recommend her"; many self-styled "Revolucionarios" are in reality "bandits"; President Victoriano Huerta, a "criminal" in American official opinion, is, in Mexican phrase, a "sin verguenza"—a man without shame. And so the war of prejudice and opinion goes on. Lively descriptions of desert-travelling in a mule-coach and similar experiences relieve the more serious side of the book, and the conclusion arrived at by the author is that all that civil war has done is to make the country poorer, and that what is wanted is a strong peace-government. An interesting chapter describes the town of Tehuantepec, where women, by virtue of superiority, physically and mentally, hold sway—a town to be commended to the sympathetic attention of the advocates of "Votes for Women."

There must be something essentially sound in political opinions which, in an era when most things are in the melting-pot, are as acceptable to-day as they were twenty years ago; and we welcome "PROBLEMS OF EMPIRE," by Viscount Hythe (*Longmans*), which presents once again theories which have been advocated consistently by the author since 1892. Son of that ardent Liberal-Imperialist, Earl Brassey, Viscount Hythe has long been imbued with a sense of the desirability of a policy enabling the affairs of the Empire to be carried on in a manner ensuring efficiency in detail and solidarity in principle. In these thoughtful addresses and papers Lord Hythe drives home the theory of self-government for each component part of the Empire, if the Empire, as a whole, is to be satisfied and secure. To Lord Hythe's volume a sympathetic "Foreword" is contributed by Earl Grey, who admires the perseverance and ability with which the author has promulgated the "Faith of a Federalist," but does not associate himself unreservedly with all his arguments and opinions. Earl Grey justly ranks Lord Hythe with the pioneers of Imperial Federation, among whom were Earl Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, and Mr. W. E. Forster, the first Chairman of the Imperial Federation League, founded in 1884.

Our next volume amply justifies its title, for this latest "POT-POURRI MIXED BY TWO" (*Smith, Elder*) offers things practical and things poetic, literary leaves and vegetarian recipes, blended by Mrs. C. W. Earle, whose love of gardening and literature are well known, and Miss Ethel Case, who shares the tastes of the former writer, whose work is always welcome and is very familiar to readers of *The Illustrated London News*. The outcome of this literary alliance is fresh and fragrant. A series of "letters" give a delightfully personal touch to hints upon flower, fruit, and vegetable culture; but we also have numberless purely literary passages dealing with a wide range of subjects, from Suffragette militancy to the life and work of G. F. Watts, from the perils of the housefly as a germ-carrier to the conversational powers of dogs. A properly trained dog who is talked to daily will soon be able to say what he wants, not only by eye-language with which knowledge they are born, but to whine in the right tone of voice and with the right inflection—low for asking and high for expostulation, long for sorrow and short for annoyance and impatience." How wholeheartedly "Onida" would have agreed with this! Miss Case rather deprecates the sending of flowers for funerals, which she says are "more thought of than kindness to the living." Here, too, she reminds us of the axiom by "Onida" enunciated by "La Sourisette," who says of people in smart society: "We are never merry and never sorry, so we heap up flowers to make believe for us at our dances and our burials." Mrs. Earle gives a new "Sleep Secret," which should be welcomed by sufferers from insomnia; and in this volume we welcome the collaboration of writers in sympathy with each other, but showing refreshing differences in method. No one ingredient dominates the book; all, like the "onion atoms" in a salad, "scarce suspected, animate the whole."

BOOKS OF TRAVEL

TRIPOLI, SOUTH AMERICA, PIEDMONT, AND OTHER HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

THAT considerable interest should be taken in Tripoli is inevitable just now. Until Italy pounced upon it, the country was practically unknown, and those of us who can claim to know North Africa fairly well had to be content with a glimpse of the vast territory that is in future to be administered by a competent European Power. "THE NEW TRIPOLI," by Ethel Braun (*Fisher Unwin*), is one of a score of books that the Italian invasion may be expected to provoke. It is the effort of an intelligent tourist with a certain capacity for observation and a readiness to accept explanations that may or may not be correct. The real value of such a book is small. As much as matters might be set out in a magazine article of moderate length; the rest is repetition, not invariably accurate, of twice told tales. The author has a clear belief that Italian occupation must be an unmixed blessing to the country; that the inhabitants of Tripoli should have found life worth living before the advent of the Italians is an unthinkable proposition. Somewhere in the book Mrs. Braun quotes Kipling's lines to the effect that East and West can never meet; one cannot avoid the thought that such books as "The New Tripoli" act as a bar to the union. The attitude is so impudently, so smugly Western.

A BAPTISM IN PIEDMONT: A GIRL CARRYING A CRADLE DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

In Fobello it is no uncommon sight to see women, when they brought their children to baptism, running down the mountain sides with cradles on their heads after several hours' walk. "It was as much as I could do to lift the empty cradle by myself; but this girl thought nothing of taking it about on her head. . . . How the babies ever survive the many covers which envelop both them and the cradles it is difficult to imagine; but the want of air does not seem to affect them."

From "Piedmont," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Company.

The Pan American Union exists to encourage men and women to visit the South American republics, and the President of the Union has written an introduction to Miss Annie S. Peck's ghastly guide book, "THE SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR" (*Hodder and Stoughton*). Miss Peck is terribly in earnest; she has taken all Southern America to be her province, and there is something attractive about her enthusiasm. It is not an attraction of style, or even of grammar, for there are moments when our author reminds us of Mrs. Squeers, who used to say that she was "no grammarian, thank God." The attraction comes from the suggestion of a wonderful business capacity. Miss Peck is a lady who climbs mountains, explores continents, describes "side trips" with what we are sure must be consummate accuracy, and finds time to compile nearly four hundred pages of terribly useful information written in pure American. We have read chapter after chapter, and though each has left us with small idea of South American values, it has given us at least complete knowledge of South American prices; and to a generation that proposes to "do" South America in three months—though four months is recommended as a more suitable period—this knowledge is of first importance. There may be moments in the life of the Briton when he contemplates seriously a trip to South America; and at such an hour "The South American Tour" may serve a useful purpose if only by teaching him what to avoid.

The "South American Series" (*Fisher Unwin*) does not attempt to challenge Miss Peck. It devotes a volume to a country; and experience of several examples justifies us in saying that the volumes are very well written. Everybody knows that the season for the exploitation of South America has arrived, and that the tendency of most writers will be to see a country's prospects and conditions of life through rose-tinted glasses. But in writing of "ECUADOR" Mr. C. Reginald Enock, who has already dealt with Mexico and Peru in the same series, is more disposed to be judge than advocate. Some of his statements are not only outspoken, but are very timely; he understands, and gives his readers to understand, that Ecuador is a land of undeveloped possibilities, and still calls in vain for a corps of sanitary inspectors armed with plenary powers. We feel that the historical record of Ecuador is told at too great a length, though the events of the past dozen years are worth all the space they receive; the glimpse of a Latin-American country trying to adopt Western thought and mode of life being full of interest. It is curious and instructive to learn that Peru accepted her share of responsibility for the Putumayo horrors because the "Devil's Paradise" is in country to which both Ecuador and Peru lay claim; and the Peruvian diplomats thought that the discussion strengthened their claim. Mr. Enock speaks up for the Indians of the Oriente, now tending to decrease rapidly, due, he says, to the methods of exploitation practised by the whites. As far as the cities of Ecuador are concerned, Guayaquil is admittedly a plague spot, though conditions are said to be improving; but industries there and in other commercial centres do not appear to afford much scope for Europeans. In short, unless Mr. Enock has been unduly pessimistic, there is in this country of disease and revolutions small interest to the Western world; but let us remember that Ecuador gives us the cinchona and owns the Galapagos Islands, from which, alas! the giant galapago is slowly disappearing to the infinite grief of ability men yet unborn.

It is a far cry from the tropics to the country described by Mr. Alfred Erskine Gathorne-Hardy in "MY HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS" (*Longmans*); but we all have our hunting grounds, and so they be happy ones, it does not matter greatly if the islands of bliss be Colonsay and Sark or one of the Galapagos. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy has been a mighty hunter, and his story of prowess with rod and gun is told with an enthusiasm that communicates itself to the reader who has known the joy of a right and left at driven grouse, and watched the salmon that took his fly come at last within reach of the gaff. There is life in these stories, though some of them are more than half a century old; and the reader will spend some pleasant hours with the book before he places it on a shelf with the thought that he can always take it down again and commune with a sportsman.

The change from South America to the British Isles is startling, but it is well nigh as far from some of the highland wilds of the sportsman to the peaceful Piedmont country and the Vaudois whose persecution provoked Cromwell's ire and Milton's famous sonnet. Miss Canziani, whose book on the Savoy will be remembered, now gives us the fruits of her pen and brush in a handsome volume entitled "PIEDMONT" (*Chatto and Windus*). Miss Eleanor Rohde is part author, but contributes no illustrations. Miss Canziani has gone through some remote villages—Casteldelfino, Pragelato, Balme, Cogne, Aosta, and the rest—she has garnered a goodly store of legends and folk songs, and preserved for us many delightful types of men, women, and children. Her pictures, whether with pen or brush, are vivid and distinctive; she shows us a world that is living in some century long anterior to the twentieth, and full of the quaintest superstitions. It is a pleasant world to read about, but to live in it for more than a little time it would be necessary to forget all the lessons of our own days; for it is clear that the authors have dealt with facts by the light of the artistic eye that selects for the sake of a picture. But it is well at times to see the high lights and to forget the shadows, and lovers of beautiful books will be grateful for "Piedmont."

A GIRL WHOSE BEAUTY IS NOT PERMITTED TO BLOOM LONG: A NATIVE OF BATTOK LANDS.

The costume of the young Battok girls consists of a dark blue garment wrapped around them, and their head-dress, which rather resembles that of the Italian peasant, is also fashioned of a piece of blue cloth. This is fastened and kept in place by large silver earrings, which are attached to the lobes of the ears by a piece of cloth which is passed through the ears. The Battok girls are quite handsome, but their beauty is of short duration, for as soon as they reach the marriageable age, they are held down to the ground to have all their front teeth knocked out. The answer given by the Battoks, when questioned as to the reason for this strange custom, is that it is to show they are strict vegetarians, and therefore above the level of the flesh-eating beasts.

From "Round the World on a Motor-car," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Dent.

WHERE THE ITALIANS FOUGHT A BATTLE LAST YEAR: THE CASTLE OF ASSABA IN TRIPOLI.

"Now we come to Assaba, about twenty miles from Gharian, which as recently as March 1913, was the scene of a battle between the Italians and Barcani, who led the tribes of the Gebel. He is the descendant of the famous rebel chief, Gheuna, who fought against the Turks when they took Tripolitania in 1835. . . . There is an ancient Roman castle in Assaba, to the right of the road, behind which, hidden by the hills, stands an old Arabic Palace."

From "The New Tripoli," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin.

BOOKS UPON ART

CENTURIES OF STITCHES, STEPS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

AN enlarged but cheapened edition of Mr. Marcus Huish's "SAMPLERS AND TAPESTRY EMBROIDERIES" (*Longmans*) deals pleasantly with many centuries of stitches. Among the "six queenly and Muse-taught arts" to which Ruskin would have accorded separate chambers in the Ideal Museum, he counted needlework. Writing, pottery, sculpture, architecture, and painting were the companions he chose for the humbler sister, as we now regard her; but Ruskin, the champion of her meekness, set her at the head of them all. Let, he said, the stitching art of nations—savage and civilised—"from Lapland boot, letting in no snow water, to Turkey cushion bossed with pearl, to valance of Venetian gold in needlework, to the counterpanes and samplers of our own lovely ancestresses," be gathered in this chamber. Various schools and societies have taught, and the rare student has learned, the more excellent way of the needle, and our own Arts and Crafts exhibitions have shown that in the hearts of a few its laborious practice may still lead to the joy of achievement. But for the most part the School of Stitches must have been the School of Tears. The hand-embroidered pillow-corners and counterpanes, those commonplaces of modern luxury, are too often the fruits of ill-paid labour; and if they are made without joy, they are possessed without joy—they add nothing to the gaiety of a nation's bedrooms. It is not, however, with the industrial aspect of needlework that Mr. Huish is concerned. The things he writes about we may possess in all ease of conscience, for the hands that produced them have long since received their rewards, either fair or unfair. His book is mainly concerned with the counterpanes, samplers, and suchlike of "our lovely ancestresses." But even here we are compelled to take thought of the worker. The samplers in particular are intimate in a way that brings us in close touch with the ancient maidens of from six years to twelve who, some two hundred years ago or less, spent their days in plying their needles. It is not of their loveliness that we think (there Ruskin strikes a false note), but of their industry. It was in the fear of the Lord, and of a parent, that the majority of the samplers illustrated by Mr. Huish were made. We ourselves may in certain classes and in certain unacknowledged ways be hard upon children; but we shall probably leave no evidence of harshness equal to that afforded by the samplers of the eighteenth century. The little girl who had to spell out in coloured silks such verses as

When I was young I little thought
That wit must be so dearly bought
But now experience tells me how
If I must thrive then I must bow
And bend unto another will,
That I might learn both arte & skill

was not, we should say, making the very best of her youth. Mary Gardner, who made her sampler in 1750, when she was nine years old, was warned betimes, and worked the warning: "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman who feareth the Lord she shall be praised." One pleasure, at any rate, Mr. Huish's chapter reminds us, came the way of those small girls. They were pleased, doubtless, to pass from formal patterns and cautionary maxims to the letters of their own homely names. And Martha Wade, like the Japanese metal-chaser and the Roman brick-maker, knew the pride of signing her handiwork.

In "THE RENAISSANCE OF THE GREEK IDEAL" (*Heinemann*) Mrs. Roger Watts (Diana, by good fortune, is one of the names with which she can grace her title-page) expounds her whole theory of movement and balance. If the Greek ideal was an affair of vital action and attitude rather than of marble and masonry, an affair of life rather than of art, then it is wholly fitting that Mrs. Watts should, in her own proper person, attempt its renewal. The medium is always ready. The modern woman has but to disencumber herself of her impedimenta and don instead the draperies devised by Mrs. Watts to be fit in all essentials for the workings of such a renaissance. The art of movement is an art requiring nought save gravity, a floor, and a Mrs. Watts. With Socrates for a chapter-heading—"No citizen has a right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training . . . What a disgrace it is for a man to grow old without ever seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable"—Mrs. Watts opens her attack on the frigid ignorance of a world that insists on playing, even in its professional athleticism, the worst sort of amateur's part in the conduct of its physical energies. Tension is her name for the proper conduct of such affairs. It is by tension that a cat turns in mid-air (she gives snapshots of the process) so that it may fall lightly on its feet instead of on its back; and tension can make strolling in Oxford Street or sitting at the breakfast-table a wonder and delight. "The secret," says Mrs. Watts, "consists in a condition of the muscles totally different from any realised by athletes since the time of the Greeks, a condition of *Tension* which transforms dead weight into living force and which made the Greek as different from a modern human being as a stretched rubber band from a slack one. I myself began as an ordinarily active human being, but in the course of training, development, researches, and discoveries, gradually acquired a knowledge that led to a condition nearer to that of the Greeks than has yet been achieved." She does not leave it at that; her system of exercises, and her own execution of that system, are put to the test of the camera film. Her book contains hundreds of instantaneous photographs which seem to amplify with extraordinary exactness the positions recorded in classical statuary. We wish, however, that she had never abandoned the chiton, or less than chiton, in which she appears in most of the pictures, for the jersey and knickerbockers of some few of them. In that costume she loses all her resemblance to the Athens of the Ægina Pediment.

A GREAT SPANISH PAINTER WHO WAS THE CAUSE OF A MODERN PILGRIMAGE: FRANCISCO GOYA Y LUCIENTES.

This portrait is from an etching in "Los Caprichos." The author of "A Little Journey in Spain" set about his pilgrimage with a view to writing a life of Goya, but, becoming fascinated with what he calls "the street, the café, and the 'corrida,'" gave up his original idea, excusing himself with the reasonable plea that "Goya vive y vive en la España viva"; that is to say, the living Spain gave more idea of Goya's art than any museum or library study.

From "A Little Journey in Spain: Notes of a Goya Pilgrimage"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. Crawford Flitch's "A LITTLE JOURNEY IN SPAIN: Notes of a Goya Pilgrimage" (*Grant Richards*) is faithful to its title; it combines the light heart that is apt to go on little journeys and the determined spirit of the pilgrim. As a little traveller, he has many things beside Goya of the sinister hand to think about, and Baedeker is too slow for him. "When it is a question of hotel chambermaids," he complains, the sober Baedeker "looks the other way—or . . . is too admirably discreet to publish his observations upon them, or even to betray their presence by a star." But Mr. Crawford Flitch had heard of *filles de chambres* at a certain hostelry in Zaragoza, of their amiability and their unsophisticated fondness for caramels; and when he stepped from his train in that city and confronted a regiment of porters he had half expected to see a smiling chambermaid emerge from the ranks. On his lighter adventures we cannot now follow him, nor would we do so with so much sympathy in the book itself if he had not, besides a charming talent for levity, a very taking knack of seriousness. His criticisms of Goya and of Spain are as admirable as his description of the heat and a bull-fight in Toledo, and of a first breakfast in Madrid.

A NEEDLEWORK PICTURE IN IMITATION OF TAPESTRY: A SCENE SHOWING CHARLES I. AND HIS QUEEN.

"This picture is signed 'K. B.' and bears the date 1663, and is, through its composition and subject, of much interest. The King and Queen stand under an elaborate tent, on the canopy of which is emblazoned the Royal Arms: the Rose and the Thistle, in heavy gold and bullion. The robes of both their Majesties are ornamented with coloured flowers in a heavy silver tissue. The King is crowned and has an ermine cloak, and his spurred white boots have pink heels."

From "Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

From *Messrs. Hachette* come two handsome volumes, "LES MERVEILLES DE LA FRANCE," by M. Ernest Granger, and "LE STYLE LOUIS XVI: MOBILIER ET DÉCORATION," with an introduction by M. Seymour de Ricci. "Les Merveilles" turn out to be in many cases no more than photographs of street-scenes in Paris or of penny steamers on the Seine; but the real marvels are also included, and when there is no question as to their effectiveness, they are printed in colour. The other volume will prove of unquestionable value to the studious collector.

REALISING THE TENSION THEORY OF GREEK ATHLETICISM: MRS. WATTS.

Photographs No. 1 by Alinari; Nos. 4 and 7 by Giraudon.

1. THE "DISCOBOLUS" OF MYRON IN THE TERME MUSEUM, ROME (OFTEN DESCRIBED AS A CONTORTION).
2. MRS. ROGER WATTS AT THE "SWING BACK" IN THROWING THE DISCUS (TO BE COMPARED WITH FIG. 1).
3. THE FINAL POSITION OF THE "DISCOBOLUS" IN WHICH THE WHOLE BODY IS UPLIFTED AFTER THE DISCUS HAS LEFT THE HAND.
4. THE HERAKLES OF THE AEGINA PEDIMENT TAKEN AS AN EXAMPLE OF MRS. WATTS'S THEORY OF TENSION IN ATHLETICISM.
5. A REALISATION OF THE ARCHER OF THE AEGINA PEDIMENT BY MRS. WATTS.
6. and 8. PHOTOGRAPHS IN WHICH THE BODY HAS BEEN TAKEN IN TWO DIFFERENT POSITIONS WITHOUT ANY MOVEMENT OF THE FEET EXCEPT A SLIGHT PIVOTING.
7. THE ATHENA OF THE AEGINA PEDIMENT.

Mrs. Roger Watts, in her book, "The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," expounds her whole theory of movement and balance, and takes as her text the enormous physical superiority of the Greeks over any known race of human beings. This superiority was only gained by scientific study of gymnastics as applied to muscular development. "The secret," says Mrs. Watts, "consists in a condition of the muscles totally different from any realised by athletes since the time of the Greeks, a condition of 'Tension' which transforms dead weight into a living force." The first statue upon which Mrs. Watts based her test of balance in movement was the statue of the crouching archer with the lion's-head helmet. "This exquisite statue is an example of what, to the modern being, is an impossible position owing to the difficulty of maintaining a balance on so uncertain a base." Mrs. Watts, in her elaborate treatise, has proved that with training such a position is quite feasible.

MEMOIRS AND HISTORICAL

CLIO IN VARIOUS MOODS.

THE controversy that raged round Richard Corfield had the usual effect of obscuring the issue, and it is well, therefore, to have a clear statement of the facts. This has now been supplied, even before the echoes of dispute have died away, by Mr. Prevost Battersby in his "RICHARD CORFIELD OF SOMALILAND" (*John Murray*), a brief yet wonderfully well-rounded biography of a man who may have erred technically, but who deserves a place among the worthies of Empire. It is necessary, perhaps, to make some allowance for the enthusiasm and even the hero-worship of a special pleader, but, with all discounts conceded, Corfield emerges a gallant and singularly able English gentleman and official, whose fate robbed Somaliland of one of her best friends. The scion of an old Shropshire family of soldiers, Richard was the son of one who had entered what General Gordon told him was the "best of all the services," the Church. Richard Corfield of Somaliland was educated at Marlborough, and went, at seventeen, into a shipping firm at Liverpool; but business was not wide enough for his spirit. He volunteered for South Africa, and became an able guerilla fighter in the tedious rounding-up of the war. Thereafter he entered the political service in Somaliland, where he developed a remarkable aptitude for dealing with the natives, who loved and trusted him. Mr. Battersby goes so far as to say they even worshipped him, and he draws a daring parallel with John Nicholson. Be that as it may, Corfield's power over the native mind and his cool and summary methods of maintaining order mark him out as one born for his task. The difficulty that led him to his death was a restriction as to the employment of force. He was forbidden to engage external enemies of the Somalis, and it was not in his nature to see his people suffer at the hands of the Dervishes. Corfield accordingly chose disobedience and death rather than refuse to obey his own chivalrous instincts. He could have saved his career at the expense of conscience and honour. He chose the other part, and already, it would appear, his sacrifice is bearing fruit. Controversy apart, this biography is the portrait of a most gifted and high-minded man.

THE INITIAL LETTER OF THE PATENT CONFERRING A DUKEDOM UPON MONMOUTH.

The son of Charles II. and Lucy Walter has always been one of the most romantic figures in history. He was created Duke in 1663, and after his marriage to the heiress of the Buccleuchs, became Duke of Buccleuch, though he has always been known to posterity by his first title. Laying claim to the succession to the throne of England, in opposition to James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., he invaded England in 1685 in rebellion against the last Stuart; was defeated at Sedgemoor, and executed.

From "On the Left of a Throne"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

It is a far cry across two continents to another young man who rebelled and failed, but the hazard of the library table brings up, curiously enough, a new Life of Monmouth—"ON THE LEFT OF A THRONE: A Personal Study of James Duke of Monmouth," by Mrs. Evan Nepean (*The Bodley Head*). Much careful research and enthusiasm amounting almost to passion have gone to the making of a book that is a little too thapsodic. Taking Mrs. Nepean, however, at her own valuation, we find her work illuminating as regards the main purpose. She has found in all the Monmouth literature no study of the man, so she set herself to write one. The task was not easy, being beset with mysteries no research can ever hope to solve. Monmouth's personal appearance alone is an enigma, so contradictory are the portraits. But the author has arrived at a synthesis with which we must be content. He was outwardly a glorious creature, and the components of that glory are here analysed. Inwardly he was unsatisfactory and deplorably unheroic until just the end, when he atoned for much human weakness. But even at the best there is no basis of worth to discover. It is a pity that Mrs. Nepean's most interesting, half-hinted speculation as to Monmouth's actual parentage cannot be developed in greater detail. But the clues drawn from his startling likeness to James II. are at least plausible. "He came into life nameless and without honour, and stripped of names and honours did he go out of it." There Mrs. Nepean has written Monmouth an epitaph which is singularly fitting.

From these stories of tragedy it is a relief to turn to a book which bears the tempting title "A PEPYS OF MOGUL INDIA" (*John Murray*). The allusive title may not be altogether justified; it would be hard to find a complete parallel with the Prince of Diarists, whose manner is his alone, but the comparison will serve. The book is an abridgement of the "Storia do Mogor" of Niccolao Manucci, from the monumental translation of William Irvine. The present edition has been prepared by Margaret A. Irvine. Manucci was a Venetian, who at the age of fourteen ran away and stowed-away on board a vessel bound for Smyrna. Like many another stowaway, he was forced by hunger to make himself known to the captain. With characteristic Venetian subtlety, he made up quite a good excuse. He said he had come on board before the vessel sailed, and fell asleep, not waking until she was at sea. Whether the captain wanted an extra boy does not appear, but, anyhow, young Niccolao escaped the rope's end and was befriended by one of the passengers, an English gentleman called "Lord Bellomont," fleeing in disguise from the wrath of Cromwell, for all this happened in 1653. With this protector Manucci travelled for three years through Asia Minor to Persia and India. Then Lord Bellomont died, and Manucci was left friendless in a strange land. But the stowaway of the ready excuse was not a person to fail. He had already served an apprenticeship to adventure, and could turn his hand to various things. Accordingly, he takes service as an artilleryman with a son of Shah-jehan, and, later, he turns to medicine. In this character he gives an account of an incident that has really quite a Pepysian flavour in its minuteness and its humour. A lady of a royal house had been wounded by a mad taker, and Manucci was summoned. As the patient was a Mohammedan, there was necessarily great difficulty in letting the surgeon make his examination. There was also trouble about his mere attendance, for he could not go without an order from the Governor. However, he was prevailed upon to set out, and drove in such hot haste that people said he must be drunk, so unusual was it for a Frank to drive furiously. But Manucci was very sober, and had his head well screwed on. Personal contact with the patient being impossible, the doctor obtained a minute description of the wound, and drew shrewd conclusions from the size and shape of the dagger. Evidently he knew his art very well, for his diagnosis shows knowledge of anatomy and a deep sagacity in applying it. He prescribed, and was aided in his treatment by very intelligent attendants. With a natural touch of pride, he tells us that in eleven days the lady's wound, dangerous enough in all conscience, was healed. Every page has some interesting and intimate touch, and Manucci is as full of good stories as Herodotus.

IN "PREHISTORIC JAPAN" (privately printed in Yokohama), Dr. Neil Gordon Munro has incorporated the labour of years. This monumental book is a learned and highly specialised inquiry into the anthropology of Japan from the Palæolithic Age. Coming down to times that are in the West historic, he gives wonderful pictures of early social life and manners of the Yamato, and he deals exhaustively with religion. The usual instruments of unwritten history—pottery, bronze utensils and weapons, remains of buildings and neolithic sites—have been laid under contribution, and the book is richly illustrated. Intended first of all for the expert, this volume will interest every reader who is interested in Japan.

THE "SENT OF ALLAH" TO HIS SOMALIS: RICHARD CORFIELD.

"The qualities which made John Nicholson a god to his Sikhs, made Richard Corfield the Sent of Allah to his Somalis; yet neither did more than just be what they were: English gentlemen trained in the old traditions and quite incapable of violating them. . . . Corfield stood for that old spirit of unshakable courage and unimpeachable integrity. He had the power of impressing the native with absolute confidence and a worshipping admiration, and he did it simply by being what so many comrades found him, the straightest and most fearless man they had ever met," says Mr. Prevost Battersby in his book on Richard Corfield.

From "Richard Corfield of Somaliland"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold.

RICHARD CORFIELD DISTRIBUTING ARMS TO THE "FRIENDLIES" IN BURAO FORT JUST BEFORE THE EVACUATION.

"Thus it came about that in 1913 the decree was issued for Burao to be abandoned, and a British force was occupied in the humiliating task of razing its fortifications, burning its stores, destroying its munitions. When the last fort had been destroyed, and the ashes of the last pile of stores extinguished, and the column moved some miles on its way to the sea, the sound of rifle-firing was heard behind it, and Corfield went hurriedly back to discover what had happened. He found the firing had proceeded from the friendlies left at Burao, who were already quarrelling among themselves for a share of the divided spoil."

From "Richard Corfield of Somaliland"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

NOTHING is easier than to find a new novelist several times a month, and to hail him, with more or less sincerity, as one of the brotherhood. There are very few amateur novels written nowadays; the tricks of the trade are to be found on every bookshelf, and it wants only a little dexterity to play the sedulous ape to the big people. The more credit, therefore, is due to Miss Jessie Pope, who has discovered, in Robert Tressall, a writer of considerable power under the awkward mantle of the novice. Here is the real amateur, beholden to no man for his style or his inspiration, writing his book between the calls of his trade, and according to the lights of his own inward fancy. "THE RAGGED-TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS" (*Grant Richards*) is the work of a Socialistic house-painter who, as Heine once said of a still-born infant, liked the world so little that he took an early opportunity of leaving it. How little cause he had to like it his bitter novel shows. He lived in a world where men painted houses without any joy or pride in their work, because painting houses meant rent and bread and margarine and beer—a world where the foreman was the super-tyrant and the master the hinder one, and where both combined shamefully to abuse their power over the working-man. England of to-day, in fact, to a section of its population; and as faithful a picture of it, from Robert Tressall's point of view, as Dostoieffsky's novels are pictures of nineteenth-century Russia. Nothing in "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists" has struck us more forcibly than its unconscious affinity with the Russian realists. This is how the under-dog sees life—if, unhappily, the under-dog is cursed with the artistic temperament. Such a book is written with the blood and tears of mankind. The impression it makes is so moving and so profound that it is well to remember that house-painters with a temperament are abnormal beings, and that Robert Tressall must have had a capacity for anguish beyond the natural limit of his kind. This man wrote to express his own pain; it is not quite just to the world of house-painters to assume that it does actually live in his condition of sentient misery. Tressall was too much of a visionary—and too little of a professional novelist—to avoid presenting a panacea for the ills he resented. He was a Socialist; and before the sublime faith in human nature encompassed by that creed we can only stand in silence. It is significant that the Christian religion is shown here as having entirely lost its hold upon the British working-man. Let the churches look well at that, for if they have really lost their poor, they have lost everything. "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists" is a remarkable book.

Miss May Sinclair is professional to her finger-tips. She has written, as we all know, some of the cleverest novels of the day. She has vivisected the novelist, male and female, with a diabolical precision, so that one can almost believe that the last word has been said on male and female novelists. It is very interesting to meet her in a volume of stories, where her work can be observed in detail. We are not allowed to say that "THE JUDGMENT OF EVE" (*Hutchinson*) is a collection of short stories, because Miss Sinclair, in a dogmatical preface, will not have it so. "The Judgment of Eve," we are instructed, is a volume of novels boiled down—novels, that is to say, presented in the most intensely concentrated form, and reduced to their simplest possible expression. How we should like to meet Miss Sinclair out of her introductory pulpit, and argue this point! Frankly, the preface appears to us to be a mistake, and all the more a mistake because we find ourselves tripping over it in this notice, instead of devoting a limited space entirely to the stories it defends. They need no defence, and no explanation. They are vivid portraits of men and women, some of them apparently executed under the influence of Mr. Henry James, and one and all as clever as paint. Perhaps they are not always quite life-like, but they are attractive works of art. The best is surely "The Wrackham Memoirs," where, by the way, the vivisection of literary characters has again provided Miss Sinclair with the right material. Her book will be read with a relish by all discriminating persons.

If Mr. Grant Watson has written before, this is the first time we have met him. He is a person to be reckoned with if he can sustain himself at the imaginative level of "WHERE BONDS ARE LOOSED" (*Duckworth*). It is a vivid study of the conquest of civilised man by primitive conditions. Climate plays its part—note its effects in the hysteria of the woman—and the nerve-racking, scorching climate of Northern Australia is, perhaps, the chief factor in the development of Mr. Watson's tragedy. Sherwin (to be sure, he was fairly primitive to begin with) engaged himself as overseer in an island colony of sick natives, off the coast of New Zealand; a remote and tropical region where some palpable absurdities may be allowed to pass muster for the sake of the story. He was a burly, lusty animal, and presently his sovereignty over the blacks, and his solitude, began to play havoc with him. How the old doctor and the new one fell out, how Nurse Desmond loved the younger man to his destruction, and how the brute in Sherwin mastered him is lucidly told. The heat, and the hurricane, the flies, the aching loneliness that pressed these men back to savagery, make up the atmosphere. If the islands existed, and if Sherwin and the doctor and Nurse Desmond met on them, the events described by Mr. Grant Watson would be pretty sure to happen. That is the impression left by "Where Bonds are Loosed."

"LISMOYLE" (*Hutchinson*) is an Irish novel. It is all easy and Irish and sentimental, with a liberal sauce of humour to dress the dish. It is a perfectly satisfactory story, with no more serious purpose than pleasantly to entertain Mrs. Croker's army of readers, with whom she has kept faith for the last quarter of a century. This is not intended to belittle either "Lismoyle" or its genial author. Happy and blest is the being who can contribute to the sum of human happiness, and who shall say how many hours of enjoyment have not been scattered up and down the world by Mrs. Croker's kind and indefatigable talent?

"And it came to pass in Rome after the kalends of September, and when Caius Julius Cæsar Caligula ruled over Imperial Rome." This is the beginning of Baroness Orczy's book, dedicated to "All Those Who Believe." There is little to be said about "UNTO CÆSAR" (*Hodder and Stoughton*) except that those who like this sort of thing will find this is exactly the sort of thing they like. It is a religious novel, containing a full-bodied description of the thorny way of the early Christian.

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AT THE BOOKSELLERS: SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

FICTION.

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Most readers of novels will recollect Mr. E. F. Benson's most famous character, and there are many, therefore, who will wish to renew the acquaintance of Do-Do, although she has now reached the more mature age of forty-five. Do-Do the Second is Nadine, the daughter of Benson's earlier heroine. She has not the individuality of her mother; or is it because the type has become a little hackneyed that we cannot feel the same interest in the daughter that we did in the mother in her youth?

LISMOYLE. By **B. M. Croker.** (*Hutchinson.*) 6s.

See review on Page VII.

THE JUDGMENT OF EVE. By **May Sinclair.** (*Hutchinson.*) 6s.

See review on Page VII.

LETTERS TO CAROLINE. By **Elinor Glyn.** (*Duckworth.*) 2s. *net.*

In Mrs. Glyn's present book she adopts the idea, but not the style, of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son; for the instructions of the godmother to her god-daughter are of a more up-to-date tone than that of the noble Lord. These letters attempt to give the point of view of the woman of the world, and are in the form of advice to a girl entering Society—telling how she should dress and behave, and what attitude she should take up towards men, and discussing all matters that pertain to a healthy development and a sensible enjoyment of life.

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In Frank Danby's latest and quite interesting novel, she sets out the career of Agatha Wanstead from the time of her childhood till her death as an old woman. It is the narrative of a series of blunders made by a well-intentioned but somewhat aggravating woman. While considering the welfare of others, she manages to sacrifice everyone who is about her, including the man she loves, whom she refuses to marry, then herself, by her marriage to a worthless Irish Peer, and she nearly ruins the career of her own son. Although there is a good deal that is unconvincing in the book—and we should have preferred Lord Grimdelay, as an old Irish Peer, to have shown in his speech and manner a little more breeding—the central figure of the prim well-meaning woman is well drawn, if not entirely sympathetic.

THE ORLEY TRADITION. By **Ralph Straus.** (*Methuen.*) 3s. 6d. *net.*

The Orleys are an old noble family, once powerful, but now living in a corner of England (Kent). They do nothing at all, in spite of people's endeavours to make them reach the older heights. But they are happy in their retirement, and the real reason for this is that they have few brains. John Orley, the hero, has all the family characteristics, and is preparing himself for a humdrum country life when he meets with an accident which prevents him from playing games, etc. He becomes ambitious, goes out into the world, and fails at everything. He recovers his strength, and sees the mistake he has made, and the book ends as it began, the Orley tradition holding true.

MISTRESS CHARITY GODOLPHIN. By **Gladys Murdoch.** (*Murray.*) 6s.

Those who care for a historical novel will find pleasant reading in this book, which has for its setting the Monmouth Rebellion. It is a sincere and moving tale of the adventures of Michael Cameron, as a rebel and a fugitive, and his love for Charity Godolphin, the daughter of a Royalist Somersetshire Squire. His association with Alice Lisle is described, and her trial and execution under Jeffreys. The author does not follow the usual view of the character of Monmouth, but makes him the victim of his own misfortune.

BROKE OF COVENDEN. By **J. C. Snaith.** (*Constable.*) 6s.

First published ten years ago, this is a new and revised edition of one of Mr. Snaith's most popular novels.

THE WONDER-WORKER. By **Vincent Brown.** (*Chapman and Hall.*) 6s.

Over-persuaded by the appeal of a Mission Preacher, the consciences of an aged and beautiful-minded couple are aroused to make confession to their children that they have never been legally married. Their remorse is very keen, and it is rendered the more pathetic owing to the effect the news has on those most nearly concerned.

JAMES WHITAKER'S DUKEDOM. By **Edgar Jepson.** (*Hutchinson.*) 6s.

In Mr. Jepson's latest book he tells us a surprisingly convincing story of how James Whitaker, a second-hand furniture dealer, finds himself in the position of being able to impersonate the Duke of Lanchester, who happens to be James's double. Though, perhaps, there is over-much coincidence, especially with regard to deaths at the convenient moment, it is quite an absorbing tale; and James Whitaker's adventures with the late Duke's lady friends, and with the persons who discover he is not the Duke, make very entertaining reading for those with whom the memory of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is still green.

TRAVEL.

ALBANIA: THE FOUNDLING STATE OF EUROPE. By **Wadham Peacock.** (*Chapman and Hall.*) 7s. 6d. *net.*

Mr. Wadham Peacock was formerly Private Secretary to H.B.M. Chargé-d'Affaires in Montenegro and Consul-General in North Albania, and, therefore, is specially qualified to write upon that modern mediæval country to which Europe has recently given a being. He has collected in this volume some articles that have appeared in the *Fortnightly*, *Chambers' Journal*, and other periodicals, and discusses in the last four chapters the Past, Present, and Future of the new Kingdom, that he describes as "in Europe and yet not of it."

ROUND THE WORLD IN A MOTOR-CAR. By **J. J. Mann.** (*Bell.*) 10s. 6d. *net.*

The title of this book would lead one to believe that the author has undergone a motoring journey of adventure and hardship, but this expectation is far from realised. Mr. Mann appears to have visited all the parts of the world that tourists and sightseers usually go to, and the first sentence of the book—"After a couple of days spent in Marseilles, whilst our motor was shipped via Alexandria to Cairo, we sailed on board a P. and O. for a four-days' journey to Port Said"—gives a key to his leisurely progress. The author has, however, given us a pleasant account of the interesting countries of the world, and the motor-car has enabled him to make his journey a pleasant one. An illustration from this book appears on Page III.

CHILE: ITS LAND AND PEOPLE. By **Francis J. G. Maitland.** (*Griffiths.*) 10s. 6d. *net.*

Now that the Panama Canal is on the point of bringing the rich South American Republics on the Pacific Coast nearer to hand, this account of the natural resources of Chile will be of great interest. The book gives the history and social life of Chile, and has a chapter devoted to the way in which the Panama Canal will influence that country.

POETRY.

WIND ON THE WOLD. By **Alexander G. Steven.** (*Max Goschen.*) 2s. 6d. *net.*

THE SEA IS KIND. By **T. Sturge Moore.** (*Grant Richards.*) 6s.

FARMING LAYS. By **Bernard Gilbert.** (*Frank Palmer.*)

GENERAL.

CHATS ON OLD COPPER AND BRASS. By **F. W. Burgess.** (*Fisher Unwin.*) 3s. *net.*

Well arranged and admirably illustrated, this book makes the fifteenth volume in a series which is already well known and of invaluable help to the ever-increasing ranks of collectors.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN OUTPOST. By **Major Gordon Casserly.** (*Werner Laurie.*)

Much attention of late has been drawn to life in India by novelists and other writers, and therefore though Major Casserly's book does not give us any particularly new point of view of the social life in India, its interesting chapters on sport, and the entertaining description of a British officer's life in one of the less-frequented hill stations, should please many readers.

POT-POURRI MIXED BY TWO. By **Mrs. C. W. Earle** and **Miss Ethel Case.** (*Smith, Elder.*) 3s. 6d. *net.*

See review on Page II.

DRAMA.

THE MOLLUSC; LADY EPPING'S LAW-SUIT; and A SINGLE MAN. By **Hubert Henry Davies.** (*Heinemann.*) *Paper,* 1s. 6d.; *cloth,* 2s. 6d. *each.*

LOVING AS WE DO, AND OTHER SHORT PLAYS. By **Gertrude Robins.** (*Werner Laurie.*) 1s. *net.*

THE WIDOWING OF MRS. HOLROYD: A Drama in Three Acts. By **D. H. Lawrence.** (*Duckworth.*) 3s. 6d. *net.*

PLAYS (**Swanwhite; Advent; The Storm**). **Vol. IV.** By **August Strindberg.** (*Frank Palmer.*) 3s. 6d. *net.* Translated by **Edith** and **Warner Oland.**

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. JOHN EDWARD ELLIS, M.P. By **A. Tilney Bassett**; with a Preface by **Viscount Bryce, O.M.** (*Macmillan.*) 7s. 6d. *net.*

In this book the author founds his account of John Ellis on a Memoir of that statesman, compiled shortly after his death by Mr. Joshua Rowntree, his brother-in-law and intimate friend, and originally intended for private circulation. The Biography is a faithful account of a man who was descended from generations of Quakers, and who was true to a type whose most prominent feature is an unswerving loyalty to duty. This sense of duty was strongly outlined all through Mr. Ellis's public life; but, though a good Parliamentarian, he did not appear to have any great ambition or desire for honours, and when he was made Under-Secretary of State for India, he resigned after a single year, chiefly on account of his health. In the Preface to this book, Viscount Bryce writes of the attributes which men who are in politics should possess: "When one of them," says the former Ambassador to the United States, "adds to the qualities I have described such exceptional ability, industry, and force as belonged to Mr. Ellis, he well deserves to be held in grateful and reverent memory."

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF SAVOY. By **F. Zampini Salazar**; with an Introduction by **Richard Bagot.** (*Mills and Boon.*) 10s. 6d. *net.*

The Life of the first Queen of Savoy, which begun in troubled times, continued through years and events momentous to Italy, by the daughter of one who had consecrated his life and fortune to the cause of United Italy. This book is of special interest to those who have the welfare of Italy at heart. The authoress shows how Margherita of Savoy, by her personal example, has pointed out to Italian women that their interests should lie not in politics, but in the home, and that feminine power and influence is to-day more than ever needed and felt, for it is now at last recognised that the most perfect production of social evolution is the life of the home." Richard Bagot, the well-known novelist, is responsible for the Preface to the English edition.

A GREAT ADVENTURESS: LADY HAMILTON AND THE REVOLUTION IN NAPLES (1753-1815). By **Joseph Turquan** and **Jules d'Auriac.** (*Herbert Jenkins.*) 12s. 6d. *net.*

The scope of this book by two Frenchmen upon Lady Hamilton and the national English hero who was a slave to her charms, may be judged from the following quotations from the Preface: "We have striven to deal fairly with a woman who has been at one and the same time so much idealised and so basely calumniated. . . . but we found it impossible to place her upon a pedestal of Virtue." "Apart from Lady Hamilton herself, the English public may be inclined to regard certain of our conclusions as too obviously 'French,' notably what we have said about Nelson. . . . We considered it our duty to examine mercilessly the great man and hero. . . . We have found him cruel by nature, insubordinate towards his superiors." The majority of the readers of this book will agree with the authors when they state: "No doubt every British heart will protest against the assertion that Nelson . . . was not a gentleman!"

ESSAYS.

WHERE NO FEAR WAS. By **A. C. Benson.** (*Smith, Elder.*)

Mr. Benson has chosen for the subject of his latest book the question of fear, its influence upon life in general, and the best means of exorcising it, bringing as examples the spiritual troubles of Dr. Johnson, Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, and John Stirling, and drawing upon his own feelings to point the moral to his tale. It is to be feared that Mr. Benson's advice will scarcely effect its purpose, and that we shall still retain our power of worrying and the ordinary terrors of life and death, even after a careful perusal of this thoughtful book.

N.B.—The short notices of the individual books given on this page are merely descriptive, and further reviews may be published in a future issue.